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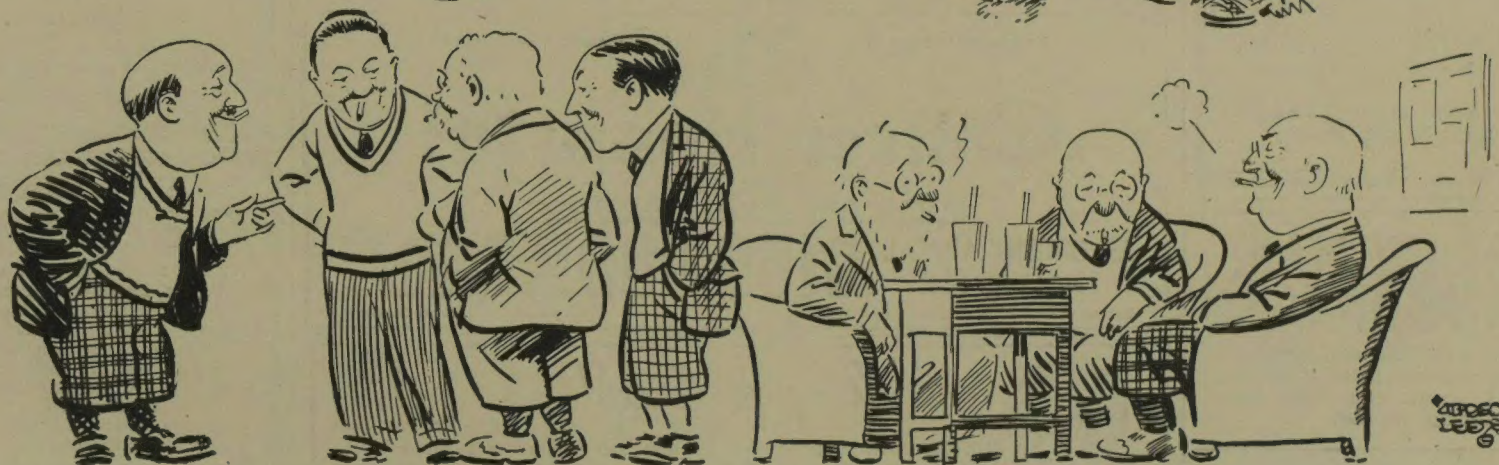
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TO DO THEIR BEST



SOME HAVE WILLS
TO SIT AND REST



SOME HAVE WILLS
TO CRACK A JOKE —



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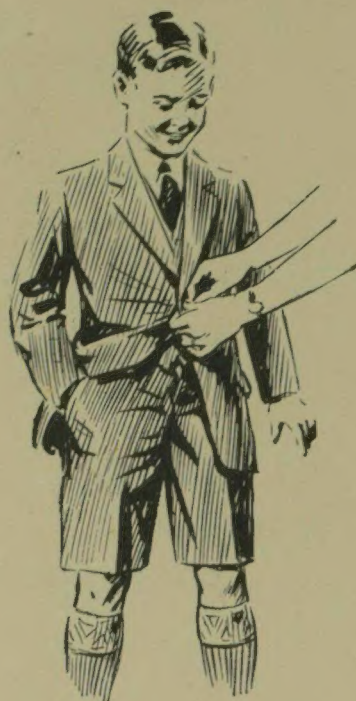
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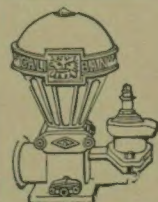
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1928.

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DAME ELLEN TERRY: HER MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH—TAKEN JUST BEFORE HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Ellen Alice Terry, Dame Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, unquestionably the greatest actress of her generation, passed peacefully away on July 21 at her home at Small Hythe, near Tenterden, in Kent. The news of her death not only called forth innumerable tributes, but brought a real, a personal, sorrow to many; for Ellen Terry had not only genius and beauty, but a womanly charm which endeared her to her friends and to thousands who had only seen her behind the footlights. She was born at Coventry, on February 27, 1848, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin

Terry, who were well-known provincial actors in the palmy days of stock companies. She made her first appearance on the stage when she was eight, playing Mamillius, in "The Winter's Tale," with Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre. Her greatest triumphs were when she was with Sir Henry Irving. An appreciation will be found on our Theatre page. As to this particular photograph, it should be said that it was taken at Kingston House, Leatherhead (the home of an old school friend, Miss Moore), in the room from whose window John Wesley preached his last sermon.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT WARREN.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is one thing in the world that is more absurd than Prohibition, and that is the legal position of Prohibition. The point of this distinction is very well embodied in what is called the Butler Resolution, which was moved by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, the distinguished scholar, at a recent Congress of the Republican Party. He did not raise at all the moral question of whether men should or should not drink; or even the political question of whether governments should or should not forbid drink. He simply pointed out what were the normal and appropriate governments to forbid it. He wanted the question settled, as every other such social question is settled, by the lawful local government of the several States of the Union. If these States think their citizens are in danger from bad milk or rash motor-ing, these States would see to it. If these States think their citizens are in danger from fermented liquor, let them see to it. That is the Butler Resolution; that is practically also the Smith Programme; and that is simply elementary sanity.

The one way in which the great American Republic did really make a public and palpable fool of itself, before all the nations of the earth was not merely in enforcing a Moslem morality on a Christian people. It was primarily and particularly in making that fad or scruple a part of the Constitution. For that really suggested that the legislators did not even know what is meant by a Constitution. It is a great pity; it is even a great tragedy. For not only have the Americans always been sincerely loyal and devoted to their Constitution, but their Constitution is really worthy of such loyalty and devotion. It is, or rather, it was—a large, luminous, and wisely balanced thing, founded on ideas intelligible and indestructible, and having for its preface one of the noblest proclamations in the radiant English of the eighteenth century. But a Constitution is simply the statement of how laws are made. It has no business whatever with saying which laws should be made; still less with saying that one particularly silly law must never be unmade. The Prohibition Amendment was as muddled-headed as the Declaration of Independence was clear-headed. It was as muddled-headed as a man who should mix up a plan of a sausage-machine with a recipe for a sausage.

The British Constitution is far less constitutional than the American Constitution. Still, we may say broadly that we are all governed by Act of Parliament, which must be the Act of the King, Lords, and Commons in Parliament assembled. But even in our most illogical moments we should not venerate a jurist who said, "I define the British Constitution as consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, and as something that shall stop the motor-buses making such a noise in Ealing Broadway." We should be disappointed if, on consulting Coke or Blackstone, we found the statement, "It is the Constitution of this realm that all is by Act of Parliament, which should have the consent of the Three Estates and which should as soon as possible stop the organ-grinders from playing under my window." That is the American position, which sensible Americans wish to alter, that we all may once more respect their country, and they may once more respect their Constitution.

Upon this particular point of Prohibition, Professor Butler, though a Republican, cannot, of course,

speak for the Republican Party. Nor, I suppose, can even Governor Smith actually speak for the whole of the Democratic Party; but he is naturally much more corporately representative of it. The fanatical Prohibitionist in either party would presumably be opposed to any such policy. But then the fanatical Prohibitionist, with all respect to him, would be a fool wherever he was; and I do not believe that the great Democratic Party will lend itself to the highly democratic generalisation that democracy is mostly fools. The fanatical Prohibitionist will be unable to think of anything except Prohibition. But Governor Smith is not thinking primarily of Prohibition or the repeal of Prohibition. He is thinking of this other and very vital question of the reasonable assertion of

nearly as different as nations. There is at this moment a severe strain between the Puritanism of the Middle West and the Paganism of the New York social life. I am not sure that it is not more truly spiritual a schism than the old schism between the North of Lincoln and the South of Lee. Certainly Lee and Lincoln would have agreed much more on a common code of morals than do, let us say, Sinclair Lewis and Billy Sunday. There is another great religious frontier created by the advance of the Irish and the Italians. It seems to me that Mr. Smith is acting after the manner of a very wise statesman (a rare thing in these days) when he insists that the Republic must ride local differences with an easier rein, and give elbow room to varieties of culture, if it is to avoid another

great internal split, such as once started down in South Carolina and nearly rent the citadel of Washington. "Reasonable differences of viewpoint in widely different sections must be recognised if we are to preserve national unity."

In our industrialised and over-centralised modern nations in the future, the revolutions may not be exactly like those of the past. The thing called Secession may not take precisely the form of what was once called the Civil War. I wish to heaven it might take any form so chivalrous and picturesque. It may be that America shall not behold again the bayonet-charge of Bull Run or the last battles in the Wilderness, any more than England will see again the exact reproduction of Naseby and Newbury, or Scotland of Killiecrankie and Culloden. But States can die of disruption by many processes besides battle; by prolonged strikes and lock-outs, by widespread secret societies, by the stranglehold of financial power, by the general boycotting of the law, by mere neglect and anarchy and refusal of patriotic service. The more a modern State has of territory, the more it has of variety. The more it has of variety, the more it has of this particular peril of variety. And if Governor Smith had done nothing else to deserve well of his country (and he has already as Governor done more than many Presidents), his fellow-citizens would owe him something for having seen so clearly, and stated so emphatically, this truth which millions cannot see. He has simply reaffirmed the truth in the very title of the United States. They must be States if they are to be United.

I should not venture to give my opinion on a foreign question like this, if the opposite opinion were not perpetually poured out without hesitation or apology. It might be very good advice to an Englishman that he should keep quite clear of the American Party System. If it comes to that, it is equally good advice to an Englishman to keep clear of the English Party System. But, as a fact, the Englishman does neither, and the former even less than the latter. About England he has heard both sides; about America he has almost always heard one side. The average newspaper-reader knows much less of the case against Lincoln than of the case against Gladstone. He has heard of "Tax the Foreigner" and "Don't Tax the People's Food." But he only knows that the North

was fighting for Freedom and not that it was fighting against Free Trade. He has heard about the rights of the Slaves, never about the rights of the States. In short, the Englishman has been made an American Party Man, and always a Northern Republican. I write these words to correct the balance, for if we do not understand the Democracy of Al. Smith, we shall be blind at one of the crises of history.

A List of the Ships belonging to His Majesties Navy-Royal; With the Number of Men and Guns; And the dividing of them into Three Squadrons.

Ship Name	Men	Guns	Ship Name	Men	Guns
Royal Oak	800	100	Royal Oak	800	100
Royal Charles	700	90	Royal Charles	700	90
Royal James	600	80	Royal James	600	80
Royal William	500	70	Royal William	500	70
Royal George	400	60	Royal George	400	60
Royal Anne	300	50	Royal Anne	300	50
Royal Philip	200	40	Royal Philip	200	40
Royal Richard	100	30	Royal Richard	100	30
Royal Thomas	100	30	Royal Thomas	100	30
Royal Edward	100	30	Royal Edward	100	30
Royal John	100	30	Royal John	100	30
Royal Henry	100	30	Royal Henry	100	30
Royal Charles	100	30	Royal Charles	100	30
Royal James	100	30	Royal James	100	30
Royal William	100	30	Royal William	100	30
Royal George	100	30	Royal George	100	30
Royal Anne	100	30	Royal Anne	100	30
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Royal Philip					

THE AIR-RESCUE OF NOBILE: THE RED TENT; MAROONED MEN.



BY THE FAMOUS RED TENT, AND SITTING NEXT TO CAPTAIN LUNDBORG'S AEROPLANE: SIGNORS BEHOUNEK, BIAGI, VIGLIERI, AND CECCIONI, WHO HAD A BROKEN LEG (LEFT TO RIGHT).



AT HINLOPEN STRAIT—WITH HIS MASCOT DOG: GENERAL NOBILE (RIGHT) AND HIS RESCUER, THE SWEDISH AIRMAN CAPTAIN LUNDBORG, WHO, ON RETURNING TO SAVE OTHERS, WAS MAROONED WITH THE VIGLIERI GROUP.

THE RED TENT ON THE ARCTIC ICE FROM WHICH GENERAL NOBILE WAS RESCUED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE WIRELESS MAST WHICH ENABLED THE UNLUCKY EXPLORERS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE WORLD—A PHOTOGRAPH, BY CAPTAIN LUNDBORG, SHOWING LIEUTENANT VIGLIERI.



THE SWEDISH AIRMAN WHO SAVED GENERAL NOBILE AND WAS STRANDED WITH THE VIGLIERI GROUP: CAPTAIN LUNDBORG—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIEUTENANT VIGLIERI.



THE LEADER OF THE "ITALIA" EXPEDITION ON THE ICE-FLOE: GENERAL NOBILE (LEFT) AND THE CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN PROFESSOR BEHOUNEK.

It will be recalled that General Nobile, the commander of the ill-fated Italian dirigible "Italia," was saved by the Swedish airman Captain Lundborg. Lundborg then set out for the second time, with the intention of fetching Signor Ceccioni and others; but his aeroplane capsized just before landing on the edge of the ice-floe, and for thirteen days he had to stay with the Viglieri group. Finally, Lieut. Schyberg arrived and Lundborg was picked up. A telegram from Stockholm dated July 19, and given in the "Times," said: "Captain Lundborg telegraphs: 'On my arrival at the party's camp I saw that Nobile's condition was serious. As also the carrying of the much heavier man, Ceccioni, to the landing-

ground would take a considerably longer time, I thought it most suitable, consistent with Tornberg's directions, to take the General first. Whilst I was taking away Nobile, Ceccioni could be brought to the landing-ground, where he was when I landed the second time.' The members of the Viglieri group were eventually saved, when at their last gasp, by the Soviet ice-breaker "Krassin." Professor Behounek is said to have stated that, in his belief, the disaster was due to the desire to explore the tract south-east of the North Pole, an enterprise which ran them into the storm which wrecked the airship. He adds that the "Italia" was over the Pole for two hours, at a height of 450 ft.

THE TIGER OF THE WATERS: SAVAGERY.



A BEAST OF PREY OF THE SEAS: A SHARK SNAPSHOTTED IN ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

This photograph is not only a very interesting addition to the numerous under-seas snapshots we have given from time to time; but is valuable in itself as illustrating very admirably the tiger of the waters in its native element. None needs to be told nowadays that life under the sea is as the life of the land and of the air,

a never-ceasing struggle for existence, an orgy of "tooth and claw," with the survival of the fittest as its merciless "slogan." Our photograph was taken in the Atlantic, near the Bahamas. The largest shark, the Whale Shark, which may be 60 feet in length, is found chiefly in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

THE TIGER OF THE JUNGLE: SUSPICION.

PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LESTER.



STARTLED BY THE CLICK OF A SHUTTER: A TIGER SNAPSHOTTED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

Many times, we have given in our pages photographs of wild beasts in their native haunts; but few of them have been more dramatic than this one of "Stripes" deeply suspicious—of Shere Khan, one might say, in his "gay striped coat" before Kipling's Mowgli danced upon it at the Council Rock and sang:

"... I dance on the hide of Shere Khan, but my heart is very heavy. ... I am two Mowglis, but the hide of Shere Khan is under my feet. All the jungle knows that I have killed Shere Khan. Look—look well, O Wolves!" The suspicion of the tiger was aroused by the click of an obstinate camera-shutter.

The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. VI.—TYPES OF CRIME—AND THE EXPERTS ON BOTH SIDES.*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Bérout, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

IN sharp contrast to the brutal and often uninteresting burglaries and robberies with violence are the clever and generally picturesque legion of frauds and confidence tricks. They are as old as mankind itself; yet every year they find thousands of dupes. That is because the trickster is a psychologist. He has made a careful study of human weaknesses, and is extraordinarily adaptable. The burglar relies on his outfit, and needs little more than physical strength and courage; whereas the

transparency, and was conclusive; for the added loop and tail were much fainter than the central part. The employé to whom the pad belonged was followed secretly. His two accomplices were thus discovered, and all three were arrested and questioned. Their scheme was absurdly simple. It had been arranged that on a certain day, when a well-known firm generally cashed large cheques, the clerk's friend should tender a cheque to him for a small amount. When the vouchers came from the manager's office,

the employé altered the 1 belonging to the cheque for 15,000 francs into a 9, which was the number of his confederate's disc, and engaged the real tender of cheque number one in conversation. Thus, when "Nine" was called, the man had paid no attention to it.

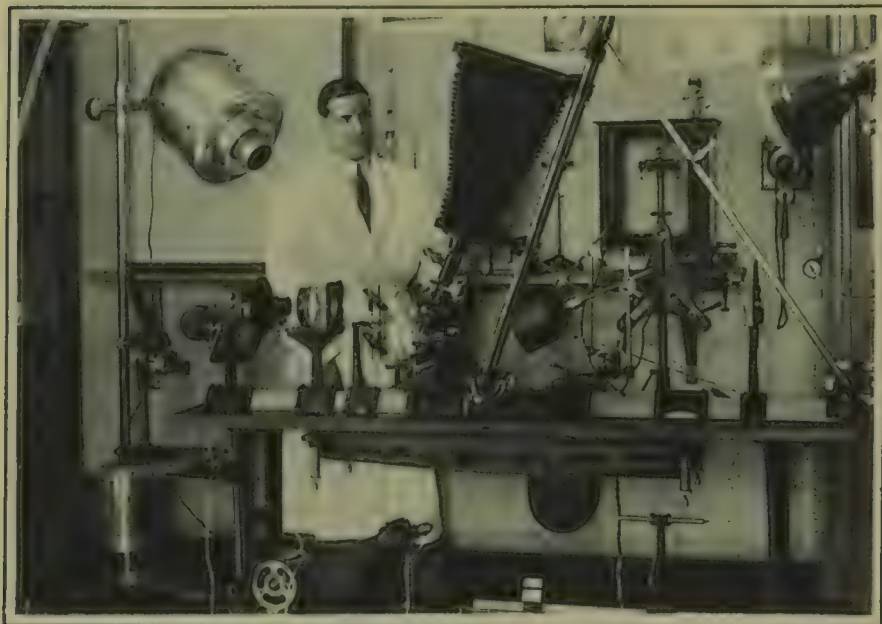
The confederate had handed his metal disc to the cashier, who, naturally, paid him fifteen thousand francs. The accompanying photographs show the various phases of this interesting investigation. Had the dishonest employé not blotting the 9, he would probably never have been found out.

Another very curious fraud was invented by an Italian sentenced some time ago at the Old Bailey. He had

that he shall become interested in a handsome, charming girl who is apparently Spanish. An accident, a lost trinket, anything will do. Thereafter, it is her business to create the required atmosphere. Over bubbling champagne, with soft music not too near, she tells him her sad story, because he has a kind face and will understand! She is the daughter of a Spanish grandee, a fervent supporter of Don Carlos. Unfortunately, the Carlists were persecuted to such an extent that two or three years previously her father had been forced to flee and had carried with him a huge fortune, which his enemies were seeking to confiscate. They were pursued and compelled to bury the treasure near an old ruined fort in the mountains. They had only just time to do that before the soldiers arrived and arrested her father, who had stayed behind to cover her flight. Since then he had languished in prison, but she had set her heart on buying his freedom. To do that, she must find someone to advance the money for a trip into the mountains in order to recover the treasure. As reward, he shall receive half—generally at least ten thousand pounds. *She will, of course, travel with him, for she can see that he is to be trusted.* Meanwhile there are several hundred pounds needed to be sent in advance to friends in Spain who will prepare for the transport of the money and generally help during the expedition.

Another gang wrote hundreds of very clever letters from Spain to people in England whose names they either obtained from a directory or about whom their English agents had given them useful information. In this case the treasure was supposed to be in a strong box or a bank vault, where it had lain for years. Money was required to release it, and there was furthermore the young and beautiful daughter who was in great danger herself. A trusted friend was urgently needed to conduct her to England and safety. It seems an Irishman originated this clever scheme.

Then there is the Stock Exchange swindle. This was worked recently with extraordinary success by an American gang. They lived in the best hotels, ran up tremendous bills, which were promptly paid, tipped handsomely, and finally pounced on some unsuspecting rich foreigner whose acquaintance they had made through one of the hotel clerks. When they had established friendly relations, he was allowed to join in a gamble in shares in which he gained a small sum. A second and larger deal again turned out a success. These sums were, of course, paid out of the gang's working capital. This is



THE CASE OF THE "ONE" AND THE "NINE": THE CHIEF OF THE MARSEILLES POLICE LABORATORIES AT WORK ON THE BANK VOUCHER AND THE BLOTTER BY MEANS OF THE COMPLEX MICRO-CAMERA.

successful swindler carries his business under his hat. In other words, he has to be clever and versatile. Above all, he must be gifted with a vivid imagination. One often wonders how some of the more complex schemes came to be conceived. Fortunately, the more a fraud is bizarre, the more certain becomes the capture of the criminal!

A clever trick was invented not long ago, in Marseilles, which cost a famous bank fifteen thousand francs; but the chief of the police laboratories was able to pounce on one tiny oversight which deprived the thieves of their freedom for several years. When a cheque is tendered on the Continent, the bank clerk hands the client a metal disc with a perforated series number. This number, with the amount to be paid, is marked on a voucher which the employé gives to the cashier, together with the cheque. The latter then calls out the number, and the waiting client surrenders his disc and receives his money.

One busy morning several people had been waiting their turn for some time. One of them finally became impatient and demanded why his cheque had not arrived.

"What is your number?" the cashier asked.

"Here is my disc—number one. The cheque was for 15,000 francs."

"Why, no; that cannot be. I paid that amount some time ago on voucher nine." An argument ensued; the police were called; and the bank-slip with the words "*à payer 15,000 francs*," was sent to the Sûreté.

The laboratory expert at once perceived that the figure 9 had been altered. Originally, it had been a 1. The ink was tested chemically, and a spectrograph negative taken. This disclosed the fact that the same ink had been used in both cases, and that it was the special ink of the bank. But, whereas the figure 1 had been allowed to dry, the alteration transforming it into a 9 had been blotted. At once all the blotters of the bank were impounded and numbered. Each one was photographed, enlarged and examined microscopically. After hundreds of enlargements had been made, suspicious traces were found in a corner of one of them. This was then cleared of the superposed consecutive blottings by photomicrography, until the figure 9 stood out clearly. A photograph was also taken by

hit on a method which placed him in a category by himself, for he was neither a counterfeiter nor did his offence truly come under the heading of false pretences. His trick was to visit London bank branches and throw a bundle of Czecho-Slovakian notes for a small sum on the counter, exclaiming merely "Change." Among the genuine notes was an Austrian banknote for a thousand kronen, worth about tenpence. But over the word Budapest he had printed "*Praag, Cunard Line*," with a rubber stamp. Extraordinary as it may seem, the cashiers of several banks paid him £57 for the note, under the impression that it was also Czecho-Slovakian. A bad memory was his undoing, for he returned one day to a branch where he had already operated. The cashier's memory was good, with the obvious result.

The fundamental principle underlying every classical example of confidence trick is the greed, and very often the inherent dishonesty, of the victim. This may appear to be a sweeping statement, but an analysis of the better-known methods will demonstrate the truth of it. There is, for instance, "the Spanish prisoner." Everyone has heard of it, yet only last year the French police caught six gangs who had worked it successfully. Naturally, the details vary in every case, but it starts like this. Several of the gang spend their time on the big steamers or in the best hotels, where they observe and study the various travellers. When one has been designated as "soft," arrangements are made so



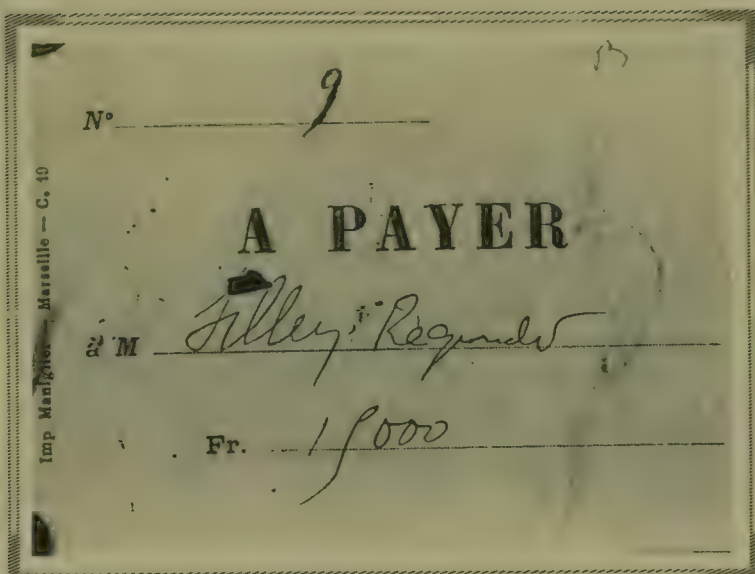
THE CASE OF THE "ONE" AND THE "NINE": THE COMPLEX INSTRUMENT WITH WHICH INKS ARE TESTED.

Here is shown the instrument, with two prisms and crystal vertical disk, by means of which ink is tested. A ray of light impinges on the ink to be analysed, and a second ray on the ink used for comparison. The prisms decompose the light, and the difference in the spectrum is noted.

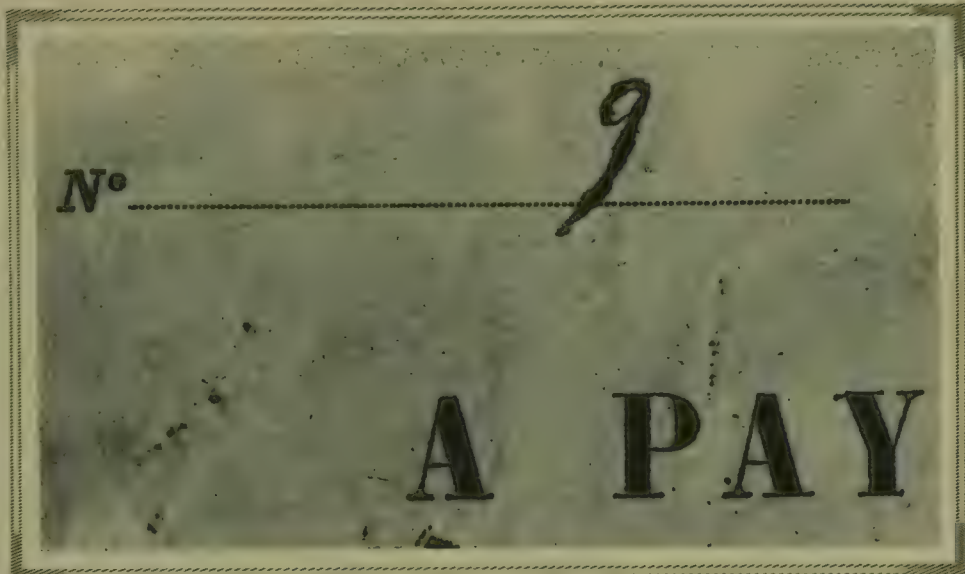
called "ground baiting"! Then, when his appetite was thus whetted and his confidence gained, a huge gamble was discussed in his hearing one evening, but he was informed that he would not be allowed to participate because the amount of money required was too great. Naturally, this made him the more

(Continued on page 184.)

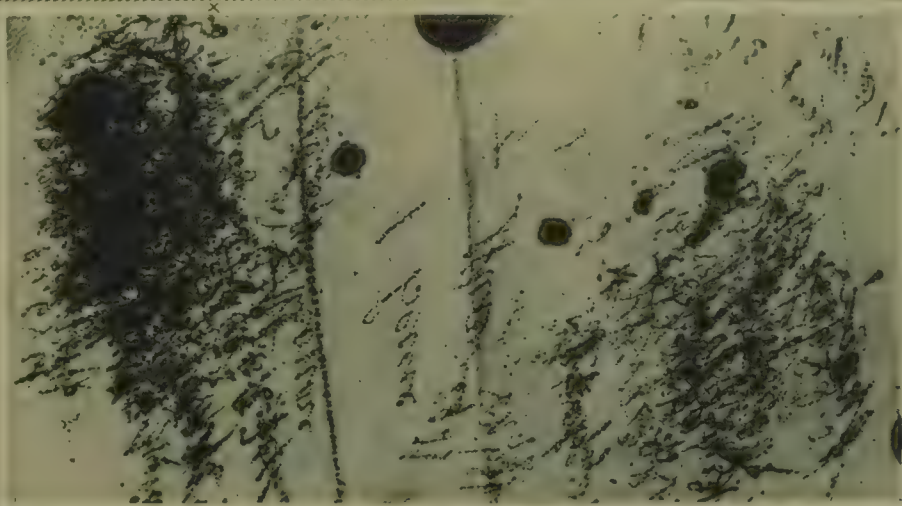
SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION: THE CASE OF THE "ONE" AND THE "NINE."



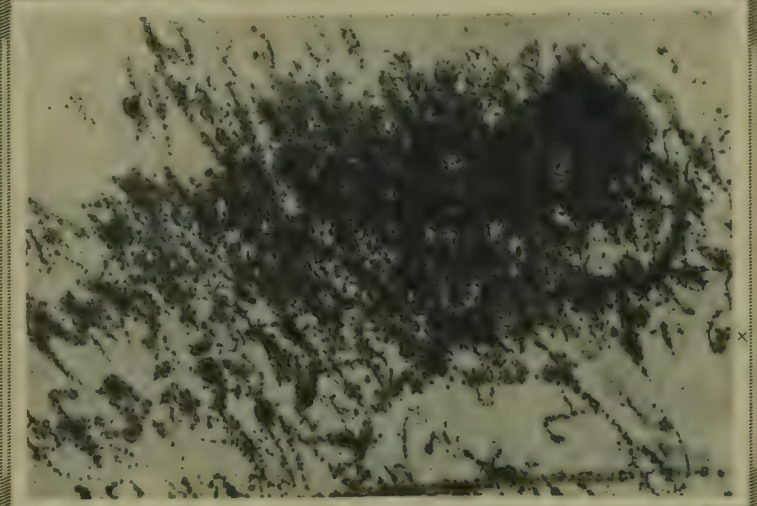
THE "A PAYER" VOUCHER WITH THE NUMBER 9 UPON IT AS HANDED TO THE BANK CASHIER IN FRANCE.



THE FIGURE 9 ON THE VOUCHER ENLARGED, AND ALREADY SEEN TO JUSTIFY A SUSPICION THAT THE FIGURE HAD BEEN ALTERED.



THE BLOTTER-PAD ON WHICH AN INVERTED FIGURE 9 WAS FOUND (x).



THE 9 ON THE BLOTTER-PAD (x) ENLARGED FOR FURTHER EXAMINATION.



THE BLOTTED 9 AS SHOWN MUCH ENLARGED BY THE MICRO-CAMERA.




THE 9 OF THE VOUCHER—ENLARGED FOR EXAMINATION.



THE VOUCHER 9 PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER A SPECIAL LIGHT—THE 1 IN INK DARKER THAN THE LOOP AND TAIL ADDED TO TURN IT INTO A 9.

Describing the case which we have called The Case of the "One" and the "Nine," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes in the article opposite: "When a cheque is tendered on the Continent, the bank clerk hands the client a metal disc with a perforated series number. This number, with the amount to be paid, is marked on a voucher which the employé gives to the cashier, together with the cheque. The latter then calls out the number, and the waiting client surrenders his disc and receives his money." In the case with which the author deals, the voucher illustrated came under suspicion and was sent to the Sûreté. "The laboratory expert at once perceived that the figure 9 had been altered. Originally, it had been a

1. The ink was tested chemically, and a spectrograph negative taken. This disclosed the fact that the same ink had been used in both cases, and that it was the special ink of the bank. But, whereas the figure 1 had been allowed to dry, the alteration transforming it into a 9 had been blotted." The bank's blotters were specially photographed until an inverted 9 was found on one of them. "This was then cleared of the superposed consecutive blottings by photomicrography, until the figure 9 stood out clearly. A photograph was also taken by transparency, and was conclusive; for the added loop and tail were seen to be much fainter than the central part."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LAMP OF "HERO."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

A FEW days ago it was my good fortune to be sitting in the garden of some old friends of mine in Sussex. The night was warm and still, the view from the terrace presented, in the soft light, an indescribable splendour, covering, as it did, a vast area of the downs. Our conversation ranged over many themes, and at last, somehow, turned on "glow-worms." My host remarked that we might very well, on such a night, find one or two in the rose-garden. At once we set off in high hopes. And there, sure enough, was that weird light I had not seen for years. It was shining through a primrose leaf by the wall, and, raising it, the full glory was revealed—an indescribable clear, pale, greenish phosphorescence. Presently it faded, and then broke forth afresh. After a brief spell of watching this very beautiful display, I gently lifted the living lamp, and placed it in my hand, hoping to see something more of the source of its beams—but it promptly went out!

What is this "worm" that "glows"? To begin with, it is not a worm, but the female of a beetle belonging to the Sub-Family Lampyrinæ, including both "glow-worms" and fire-flies, of which some 2000 species are known. Only one species, however, *Lampyrus noctiluca*, is found in our islands. The majority are dwellers in the tropics, though Southern Europe possesses some brilliant performers, wherein the males are the more luminous, on calm, warm nights making a brilliant display of sparkling lights as they dance in mid-air, apparently animated by the sheer joy of living.

But pride of place must be given here to our own glow-worm. In this, as I have said, the female is the better performer; and apparently because, being absolutely wingless and perforce hidden among the herbage, she must give some sign of her whereabouts, playing the rôle of Hero to her Leander. This curious, strangely beautiful light is emitted from the under-surface of the hinder segments of the body (shown

and bats must obviously be ruled out from the list of potential enemies. Perhaps the foes are supposed to be shrews and hedgehogs, which prowl on the ground by night. But, since the light wanes on the slightest



THE MALE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN FIRE-FLY PHENGODES—WITH SMALL EYES, BUT THE MOST COMPLEX ANTENNÆ OF ANY KNOWN INSECT.

The male of the South American fire-fly *Phengodes* has small eyes, but, by way of compensation, the most complex antennæ of any known insect. The female emits red light from each end of the body, and a series of green lights down each side of the body. Hence she is known as the "railway beetle." She measures about three inches in length.

movement and blazes forth when all is still, this interpretation seems to break down completely. Furthermore, the male also "glows," but after a feeble fashion; while the larvæ, and even the eggs, diffuse light.

The precise way in which this light is formed has yet to be discovered. Dissection discloses an outer photogen, or light-giving layer, and an inner "reflector" layer, immediately under the cuticle of the body, which is thinner and more translucent than elsewhere. And these two layers are further traversed by nerves and by trachæ, or air-containing tubes. The photogen layer is transparent, and its "cells" are grouped into lobules associated with enlarged tracheal tubes. The reflector layer, on the other hand, is composed of cells containing numerous urate crystals having a milky appearance, which act as a background scattering the incident light,

and at the same time preventing its dispersal internally. It seems certain that the male passes his brief existence fasting; and it is very doubtful whether his mate ever tastes food after she has attained to maturity. But the larvæ feed upon snails and slugs, which they seize with sharp, sickle-like jaws which are traversed by a fine canal through which a dark-coloured juice is injected into the tissues of their victims. This juice has the property of dissolving the tissues of their prey, enabling the meal thus prepared to be sucked into the mouth by a pumping action.

Finally, let me remark, our glow-worm is most abundant in the neighbourhood of woods. After mating, the female slowly makes her way, at the rate

of about one foot per day, to a spot suitable for the deposition of her eggs. At this time she is extremely hard to find, for it is only when desiring the presence of a male that she fully displays her light.

Something must now be said of fire-flies and other relations of our glow-worm. The late Dr. David Sharpe of Cambridge, one of the foremost entomologists of his time, tells us that with the fire-flies of Southern Europe, belonging to the genus *Luciola*, the males shine more brilliantly than the females, and display a strange fondness for one another's company, crowds of them, on fine warm nights, flashing in mid-air or sparkling amid the bushes. Their eyes are much larger than those of the females. These he found to be comparatively rare; and though they possess wings, they remained on the ground, as though they deemed themselves unfit for such midnight revelries.

The South American *Phengodes* is remarkable for the fact that the female, which may attain to a length of as much as three inches, displays both red and green lights. The two extremities emit the red light; while the green rays proceed from numerous points along the sides of the body; and hence these insects are known, in Paraguay, as "railway beetles." These females are wingless; but the males have perfectly developed wings. Their eyes, however, are small and ineffective. By way of compensation, they possess the most complex and highly developed antennæ known among the insect tribe: the branches being furnished on each side with a long appendage covered with a very remarkable pubescence of short, soft hairs, giving a velvety appearance. This phosphorescent light, it is to be noticed, is by no means confined to glow-worms and fire-flies. It is, indeed, to be found in many widely different groups of animals, some plants, and bacteria.

Many fishes, especially such as live in the ocean deeps, and crustacea are remarkable for the brilliancy of the light they emit. And the same is true of many of the cuttle-fish of the deep sea, as well as other invertebrates of these regions of utter darkness. We find it again in the minute Protozoan *Noctiluca* of our own seas, which on summer nights make the oars of a rowing-boat seem to drip with a living fire. And there are many phosphorescent bacteria. The cut surface of a dead herring, or cod-fish, seen in the dark, will often be found glowing with light which can be transferred to the fingers. But though this light looks exactly like that emanating from phosphorus, it has been found in no case to be due to this substance.



"LEANDER" AND "HERO": THE MALE GLOW-WORM AND THE FEMALE, WHICH IS WINGLESS.

One of the first things that strikes one about the elytra, or wing-cases, of a beetle is their conspicuous hardness. In the male glow-worm they are surprisingly soft. The female, it will be noted, is larger than the male, and throughout life retains the larval, or wingless, condition.

in the last of our photographs in the three white terminal segments).

That the purpose of this light is to attract and guide wandering males in search of a mate is disputed by some. Yet this interpretation fits well with the fact that males come readily to the light from a candle. Furthermore, it is to be noted that the eyes of the male are much larger than those of the female. The two circumstances, combined, seem to show that it is by sight rather than by scent that he is guided. Without one or the other the chances of a meeting between the two would be remote indeed, for she never emerges from the larval condition of winglessness, and can climb no more than a few inches from the ground, and a consequent tangle of leaves.

Some contend that this light serves rather as a "warning-coloration," proclaiming to her enemies that she is a particularly unpalatable morsel. Birds



THE GLOW-WORM: THE LIGHT-PRODUCING AREA OF THE BODY. The light-producing area of the body is confined to the hinder end of the under-surface (shown in this photograph in the three white terminal segments). Though the light the female emits looks so steady, it is really intermittent, consisting of flashes in close succession, 80 or 100 to the minute. Besides the light-rays, Röntgen rays are said to be given off.

Enough surely has now been said to show that our glow-worm is one of the most interesting of our native beetles. And since, in its larval stages, it feeds upon snails and slugs, it is also a very useful insect.

GIRAFFE-TRAPPING IN EAST AFRICA: CAPTIVE FEMALES AS DECOYS.



A CONSPICUOUS MARK FOR THE LASSO EXPERT: A GIRAFFE JUST LASSEED IN THE EAST AFRICAN BUSH.



THE METHOD OF CONVEYING A CAPTURED GIRAFFE TO A FARM, WHERE IT WILL BE TAMED: THE ANIMAL TIED UP INSIDE A WAGON.



A CAPTURED FEMALE GIRAFFE USED AS A DECOY TO ATTRACT MALES OF THE HERD: A MALE GIRAFFE APPROACHING THE CAPTIVE (SHUT INSIDE A TIMBER CAGE ON A MOTOR-LORRY), WHILE THE HUNTERS LIE IN WAIT TO LASSO HIM—THE MOST SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF CAPTURING GIRAFFES IN EAST AFRICA.



A SCENE ON A GIRAFFE FARM IN THE REGION FORMERLY KNOWN AS GERMAN EAST AFRICA: THE SPOILS OF A RECENT HUNTING EXPEDITION.



HOW THE GIRAFFE TRAVELS BY RAIL: FIVE SPECIMENS FROM EAST AFRICA, IN THEIR SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED BOXES, ON THE WAY TO THE BERLIN "ZOO."

The giraffe is a nervous and inoffensive creature, but sociable and inquisitive. A sympathetic account of its habits and "exemplary" character, and its helplessness against the ferocious lions and leopards among whom its lot is cast, is to be found in Mr. Martin Johnson's "Safari: a Saga of the African Blue," reviewed in our issue of May 12. In the following number (for May 19) we gave some interesting illustrations comprising representations of the giraffe in art, before the days of the camera, and modern photographs. Above we illustrate the usual method of capturing giraffes in East Africa. The correspondent who sends the photographs writes:

"Capturing the giraffe is very difficult, as the animals are extremely timid. There are, however, various ways of taking them. The most favourable method is the following: As soon as a female has been caught, it is at once shut up in a wagon, where at night it utters the most pitiful wails, and the male comes up to see what is the matter, and he also brings with him others. The trappers meanwhile sit in trenches, waiting for their victims as they approach the females. The moment comes. A lasso whizzes through the air, and a giraffe is caught. It struggles, but otherwise is trustful. Indeed, many tame giraffes live on African farms."

THE SECRET SOVEREIGN STATE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "NEPAL"; AND "THE GURKHAS."

THE FORMER BY PERCEVAL LANDON, AND PUBLISHED BY CONSTABLE; THE LATTER BY W. BROOK NORTHEY AND C. J. MORRIS, AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD.)

THE Sovereign State of Nepal is one of the "homes of mystery." In Mr. Perceval Landon's book, which may be regarded as official, it is written of the Europeans penetrating into it between 1881 and 1925: "It may roughly be said that in the course of forty-four years about one hundred and fifty-three persons, excluding Residents, Envoys, and the official Surgeons, have visited Nepal for military, official, or antiquarian purposes. Fifty-five have visited Katmandu as the guests of the Maharajah."

in the ethnology of any nation than that presented by the races of Nepal. . . . It may simplify the examination of these groups if we at once set apart the Newars of the valley and the pure-blooded Thakurs, a Rajput people, the clans of which not only provide the two pre-eminent families in Nepal, that of the King and of the Prime Minister, but have kept their descent comparatively speaking pure from the admixture which is the chief source of difficulty in classifying all other tribes, from the Khas to the frankly Mongoloid Murmis."

And, of course, there is the ever-potent caste system. "Respect for caste regulations is everywhere on the increase rather than the decline in Nepal," says Mr. Landon, "though it is not to be wondered at if some of the lower tribes who still retain their Mongolian Gallianism, if not a very deep veneration for their paternal Buddhist faith, allow themselves concessions when far from their homes." But, be it noted, those Gurkhas who fought and died so finely for us in the Great War had to be granted a dispensation known as *Pani Patiya* on their return. "This restores to them all the privileges of caste and rights, which they are presumed to have forfeited in consequence of crossing the sea. Failure to obtain the dispensation renders a man not only liable to heavy punishment, but also places others, who may have unwittingly taken food and water with him, under the same ban as the transgressor himself."

As to castes in general, castes in a land of balanced Buddhism and Hinduism, it is noted in "The Gurkhas": "While there is nothing derogatory to caste in following the professions of cultivator or shepherd, there are certain occupations which can only be practised by men of the menial classes. These are the lowest of all in social status in the country, and in their ranks are found such people as tailors, goldsmiths, carpenters, miners, musicians, butchers, and scavengers. These form a separate class of the community, and live

a life apart from the rest. In all matters pertaining to food and drink they are considered as untouchable, and no man of a caste superior to their own would ever dream of even setting foot inside their houses."

Mention must be made also of problems peculiarly internal. Excessive emigration is one of these, especially since the conclusion of the European War: there is money to be made in India and glory to be won. And there was the abolition of the mild mediaeval slavery that had existed from time immemorial, although there is still a compulsory labour—portage according to Governmental needs, the building of bridges and roads, the roofing of houses, the clearing of forests; and *Bethi*, which "consists in the carrying out of work, of a purely private nature, for the headman of a village, such as thatching of a roof or working in the fields, and constitutes part of his pay. Everyone is liable for this for one day in the year, and exemption can be obtained on the payment of the small sum of four annas."

For the rest it may be said that the people are happy, humorous, superstitious; fond of festivals; "wizards" with the universal khukri; to a remarkable extent, born warriors; and sportsmen who so love to conserve their ammunition that "they usually reserve their fire until they have manoeuvred themselves into such a position as to get three or four birds in one line." Further, inveterate gamblers—such gamblers that Mr. Landon is moved to chronicle: "The Nepalese seem both by nature and tradition to be specially addicted to this insidious pastime. In general, gambling in public is forbidden, but an explicit permission to be found in the Shastras has prevented the laws of Nepal from prohibiting public gambling on certain festivals." While Major Brook Northey and Captain Morris remark: "There is no limit to which a Gurkha will not go when in gambling mood, and many are the stories relating to the heavy and curious stakes for which the Nepalese have, on occasion, played. It is stated, for instance, that men have staked their wives on a throw of the dice, and one man is even said to have cut off his left hand and placed it under a cloth as a stake. On finding himself the winner, it is related of him that he demanded his opponent's hand, or the refund of the money he had previously lost." Benvenuto, perhaps; illustrative, assuredly!

Gaming, then, is a habit. Customs are at least as obsessing, and some of them are distinctly curious—and ingenious. I cite but one, quoting "The Gurkhas." "At any time between the ages of five and twelve all Newar girls are married to a *Bel* fruit. . . . Among Newars, widows are allowed to remarry contrary to the custom, which does not permit the other races of Nepal to remarry, as a Newar girl is never really a widow, for the *Bel* fruit to which she was originally married is presumed to be always in existence." The poetic and the practical in alliance; as are protection and common-sense in certain instances. "Amongst Newars professions and occupations are hereditary, and the members of any particular craft may not encroach upon the professional rights of another. Exception, however, is

made in the case of such crafts as do not provide the worker with a living, such as the Nalli, whose sole occupation is to paint the eye of an image at certain religious festivals. People who follow vocations such as this are permitted to supplement their earnings by also working at some other trade."

The mention of things hereditary reminds one that in Nepal, the King, however enlightened—and his present Majesty is most enlightened—takes little part in the affairs of the State, and that the office of Prime Minister passes from the dead Premier to his nearest male relative. The position is set forth in "The Gurkhas": "His Majesty the Maharajahdiraj, as the King is called, is the sovereign of this independent Hindu kingdom, but his Highness the Maharaja, as the Prime Minister is styled, is the virtual ruler of the country, and is, to all intents and purposes, supreme in all matters affecting Government, whether political, administrative, executive, or military."

But space draws to a close. It must suffice to set it on record that both "Nepal" and "The Gurkhas" should find room on many shelves, and will not be left there to gather dust: they will be read and re-read, and consulted as authorities. Of the two, Mr. Perceval Landon's is the fuller—there are 721 pages, with many very excellent illustrations, with most illuminating appendices and maps; and it seems impossible that anything has been left unsaid: it is melancholy to think that its author did not live to see its publication. He was accorded many privileges, including entry to centres and sites practically unknown, access to historic documents, and freedom of speech with the knowledgeable; and he seized his opportunity with both hands.

As to "The Gurkhas," that also is authoritative and that also owes its being to special facilities, chiefly granted to the writers when they were engaged in recruiting. It is inevitable that one should describe it as more "popular" in form than the monumental volumes of Mr. Landon; but the use of the word "popular" is not intended to lessen its undoubted claims to be a right worthy work, any more than it must be taken to suggest that "Nepal" is for Professors only.

There can be no reasonable excuse for those who do not study both books. They will find them entrancing in themselves, full of engrossing facts, and of unflagging interest. And they may be reminded that Nepal has played a "star" part in the drama of our Indian Empire, and is likely to be seen in even a more vital rôle. The Maharajah smiled when he recalled to the writers of "The Gurkhas" that the situation of the British Legation—now one of the most salubrious spots in the valley—was chosen originally by his predecessors as being the most unhealthy part of Katmandu! And a high official in Simla, asked the political attitude of the Indian Government towards Nepal, said: "We have no policy. We have only friendship."

E. H. G.



IN THE CAPITAL OF A SOVEREIGN STATE LESS VISITED BY EUROPEANS EVEN THAN LHASA, "THE FORBIDDEN CITY": HOUSE-FRONTS, KATMANDU.

Reproduced from Mr. Perceval Landon's "Nepal," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

The same authority is of opinion that, despite the advent of Western ways, accompanied by electricity in the capital, a ropeway, a little railway, new roads and bridges, the isolation will be enforced more firmly in the future. "The practical and political objection felt by the ruling classes of Nepal to the visit of any foreigner to any part of Upper Nepal," he writes, "is reinforced tenfold by the determination of the men in the outlying towns and villages that the sanctity of their country shall not be defiled by the presence of a stranger. There the matter rests—and by the cordial co-operation of the British. The prohibition is stricter to-day than it was a hundred years ago. Unless I am mistaken, it will be stricter still after the death of the present Prime Minister." To which is added: "The number of Western strangers who have ever visited the white stupas and golden roofs of Katmandu is fewer even than the small company of those who have crossed the Sacred Way that encircles Lhasa."

In kindred vein, Brigadier-General Bruce, introducing "The Gurkhas," by Major W. Brook Northey and Captain C. J. Morris, says: "Considering that the Indian Government has had intimate relations with Nepal for more than a century and a quarter, it is astonishing how little that country is known, even in India. I have met civilians and soldiers in different parts of India who have no conception of its conditions, and who knew, in fact, very little more than that the kingdom of Nepal, as it now is, occupies a stretch of the Himalayas; and that in the Nepal Terai, the belt of forest at the foot of the hills, great shooting parties were sometimes given to Royalty or other distinguished visitors. Indeed, although it was vaguely known that Gurkhas come from Nepal, I have actually heard wonder expressed by servants of the Indian Government that Nepal was an absolutely independent kingdom, and that Gurkhas were not born subjects of the British Empire."

The place is one of puzzles. Its early story is a maze of myths and truths and half-truths; its present story a forbidden volume.

"In a population of under six millions in all there are spoken at least a score, if not, indeed, a greater number, of languages, all mutually unintelligible, and some broken up again into numerous and often very different dialects," Professor R. L. Turner points out in "The Gurkhas." "Even within the limits of a single valley there may be a village the inhabitants of which speak a language completely unintelligible to their neighbours in the next village a mile or two away."

Not so amazing, this, when it is realised that, as Mr. Landon has it, "there are few more complicated questions

"Nepal." By Perceval Landon. With Maps and Many Illustrations. (Published by Messrs. Constable and Co.; 63s. net. Two Volumes. Only 1000 Copies for Sale.)

"The Gurkhas: Their Manners, Customs, and Country." By Major W. Brook Northey, M.C., late 1st K.G.O. Gurkha Rifles, and Captain C. J. Morris, 3rd Q.A.O. Gurkha Rifles. With a Foreword by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., late 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles and 6th Gurkha Rifles. With Illustrations and a Map. (Published by John Lane, The Bodley Head; 18s. net.)



THE SHRINE OF BODDHNATH: "THERE LOOK OUT ACROSS THE PLAINS OF THE VALLEY TWO STRANGELY ARRESTING EYES."

"In the case of the Temple in the Plain, Boddhnath, . . . terraces have been built round the central dome, and the toran has been heightened, not by concentric rings, but by a lofty step-pyramid of gilt copper, from below which, to all the cardinal points of the compass, as from the Temple on the Hills, there look out across the plains of the Valley two strangely arresting eyes. Scarcely less questioning is the '??' which stands where the nose should be."

Reproduced from Mr. Perceval Landon's "Nepal," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

THE CARS OF JUGGERNAUT—NO LONGER DEATH-DEALING: THE RATH JATHRA.



PILGRIMS PASSING UP AND DOWN THE TEMPORARY RAMPS TO WORSHIP ON THE CARS OF JUGGERNAUT, HIS SISTER, SUBHADRA, AND HIS BROTHER, BALARAMA: A SCENE AT PURI.



THE HAISING OF THE GREAT CAR OF JUGGERNAUT: THE CHARIOT DRAWN THROUGH THE STREETS TOWARDS THE "PRESERVER'S" COUNTRY HOUSE; PILGRIMS HAULING ON THE ROPES—POSSIBLY ASSISTED BY SOME PROFESSIONAL "PULLERS."

AN OCCASION ON WHICH THE POLICE FORM A CORDON, IN ORDER TO PREVENT FANATICS THROWING THEMSELVES UNDER THE WHEELS: THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT STARTING ON ITS WAY.



ELEPHANTS MAKING MONEY FOR THEIR MAHOUTS DURING THE PRELIMINARIES: AN UNOFFICIAL FEATURE OF THE FESTIVAL.



INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE DRAWERS OF A CAR: THE PRIEST IN CHARGE TELLING THE PILGRIMS HOW THEY SHOULD PULL UPON THE ROPES.

The correspondent who sends us these photographs of the Rath Jathra festival held in accustomed form at Puri, near Cuttack, in Orissa, on June 19 last, writes: "According to the Hindus, the Lord Juggernaut caught a chill while bathing. Thereupon he decided to leave his temple for ten days' convalescence. The festival is in commemoration of his journey. With him he took his brother, Balarama, in a fourteen-wheeled chariot, and his sister, Subhadra, in a twelve-wheeled chariot. His chariot had sixteen wheels. He left his wife behind in the Temple, and she was angry and jealous; so that on his return he had to send peace offerings before she would allow him to re-enter. Subscriptions are

collected all over India for this annual event, and new cars are built for each occasion. The faithful come from all over the country, to pay homage and to assist in dragging the cars. Formerly, there were many suicides of fanatics, who threw themselves under the wheels of the cars, but a thoughtful Government now sees that the approach is not too close." "Juggernaut," it may be added, is a corruption from the Sanscrit "Jagannatha," Lord of the World, and is a name of Vishnu, the Preserver. As to the former suicides, Sir W. W. Hunter wrote: "Such instances have always been rare and are now unknown. . . . Nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu worship than self-immolation."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

DAME ELLEN TERRY: IN MEMORIAM.—LOTTIE VENNE.—THAT INAUDIBILITY!

SHE was one of the wonders of the age, as full of life in her latter years as a girl on her first outing. I saw her some time ago at a *première* with her daughter Edith, who is rapidly becoming as

she kindled romance, and made us prone to worship her ideal figures of womanhood. Her greatness was built on charm, and on the everlasting power of its magic. And her greatest gift of all was that her sway was almost imperceptible. She stole our hearts, and stole into them as spring that overnight brings light and warmth and gladness to the world.

Latterly, overwhelmed by age, which she fought with desperate courage, Lottie Venne was less in the public eye, but she dwelt in everyone's affectionate memory. Lottie Venne, once seen, hovered in remembrance like a pleasant vision. The older generation, harking back, still smiles—with a naughty, merry twinkle—when the "Arabian Nights" and "Nerves" are mentioned. What a saucy little devil she was! The younger worshipped her as Toddles when she had already crossed the equator from coquettes and *amoureuuses* to mothers, mothers-in-law, and Mrs. Malaprops, with a tongue as trenchant as a damascene blade. Generation after generation spoke of "Lottie Venne parts," and all playgoers called her "a dear" and all the profession "darling." No sweeter fellow-worker ever was so kind a helpmate to the young actor or actress; even when she was critical, in that pointed, direct way of hers, she corrected kindly, never cruelly. In her earlier days she was pretty and *piquante*—a little thing with bright eyes and a peculiar voice that could chirrup like a sweet bird or swish like a whip—she was *mignonne*, as the French would say in that incomparable word that encompasses in a nutshell all that is feminine. Later, when her figure grew in rotundity, she was just a delightful little packet of humanity,

whose very appearance, though she glided across the stage with mouse-like discretion, created a peculiar atmosphere. There was something in her person, her eye, her manner, which reminded us of the *comédiennes* of Paris—something exotic, akin to Marie Tempest's ways—yet not foreign, for all its Latin graces. In a word, she was *piquante*, and whatever she did or said had a unique flavour.

Her technique was as perfect as her diction. She knew the value of a gentle gesture; she could store a world of meaning in a phrase, sometimes a single word—aye, in an ejaculation of surprise, suspicion, discovery. When Lottie Venne spoke the female amenities that authors loved to lay upon her lips, they became so many barbed arrows; they just abraded her victim on the stage, and then implanted themselves firmly in the sense of humour of the audience. She could command smiles and guffaws at her sweet will. But pathos, too, was in her quiver. In her little songs, in those motherly characters that spread solace and assuage pain, she would strike a note so gentle, so tender, so pathetic, that the *comédienne* transformed herself into an emotional actress. In her stupendous record—the very names of the parts she created cover several pages in John Parker's invaluable "Who's Who in the Theatre"—failure was so rare that I cannot recall a single one; whilst her successes were so numerous that in the mental review of all she did they tumble over one another in chaotic prolixity. Yet from the maze there surges a paramount impression—there was but one Lottie Venne. We shall ever miss, we shall never find the like of her.

It being hot and there being few *premières*, and yet the theatre being cooler than park or meadow, I took a busman's holiday. I went to see plays that I have seen before, and musical

comedies also. It is good for us critics to refresh our impressions, to put the touchstone of a second view to our judgment; if necessary, it is a pleasure to reverse a verdict and to make honourable amends if we arrive at the conclusion that there is occasion to praise where we scoffed. But, whatever we may have said, we never reverse our praise; that is quite another story, and would be galling to actors and authors alike. On the whole—I may say so without conceit—I was pleased with myself. There was not a case to go to the Court of Appeal of my conscience. What I said after the first night I would say again; that is, if my readers would wish to hear it. Two of the shows I had praised I would willingly have commended again—*fortissimo*. Two which I did not like, and concerning which I found myself at variance with other brethren, I should, smarting under the waste of double time, have condemned more heartily than before. Where, on the one side, I found qualities that almost remained veiled under the spell of the first night, I discovered more faults on the other, faults so glaring that I wondered why I had not exposed them more forcibly. This contemplation once more confirmed the general impression that even the seasoned critic—the "knowing old rat," as Sarcey once said of himself—is, at a *première*, a different person from when he goes to a second one, when there is no enthusiasm in the atmosphere—none of that subtle, psychical drug which acts on the expectant spectator like a philtre, unless boredom dispels its magic.

But on my visits, apart from the merits of the plays and the players, I experienced one very unpleasant sensation, and one which has latterly become the complaint of the ordinary playgoer, as well as the professional critic—namely, the growing inaudibility of our actors and our singers; the slurring and gabbling of dialogue; the affected cacophonisation (a long word, but an apt one) of the vowels; the wayward variety of pronouncing the Latinised words of our vocabulary; the *sotto voce* enunciations carried on without accentuation of the words while the actors turn their backs on the audience. In some of these cases the result was disastrous; in others ludicrous. For is it not laughable to hear the somewhat dangerous word "laboratory" pronounced with the accent on the second syllable because the actor is afraid of a *double entente*; "hospitable" with ditto false accent; "me years" instead of "my

(Continued on page 194.)



AN AUTHOR ACTING IN HIS OWN PLAY: MR. MONCKTON HOFFE AS THE REGISTRAR IN "MANY WATERS," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

reforming a force in the theatre as her brother, Gordon. There she sat, the Ellen of all hearts, a Rembrandtian lady, her kind eyes twinkling, a lace mantilletta on the grey locks that flowed bountifully over her temples. As usual, she was, in the *entr'acte*, flanked and fronted by admirers, and she wagged her head hither and thither to give repartee with that alacrity all her own, revealing the actress born, if anybody did not know her.

But everybody knew and cherished her. She was cheered when she entered the playhouse. Necks were craned to see her in her seat, to witness her enjoyment of watching the play. For she was a study when the curtain was up; she lived with the actors and the play. In her eagerness not to miss a word, she nudged her daughter, and then, when the cue was given, she laughed contentedly, and fixed her eyes with doubled force on the scene. She was kindly critical; nothing escaped her. She made allowances. But encouragement was her chief aim. Often, on an effective exit, she led the applause, and no stage-struck galleryite clapped with more enthusiasm, more vigorous hands. One would have given much to know what went on in that genial thought—what reminiscences, what longings, what subdued regrets that she was merely an onlooker. But her heart was yet in the game; sometimes one detected in gentle movements and facial display that all to herself she was taking her cue and acting in thought—as she would have acted in reality.

Of her it may be said that she was the one actress who never could be replaced. She was unique, not only on the stage of England, but on the stage of the world. She was the womanly woman *par excellence*. There was heart, there was caress, in all her being and in all she did. Her voice still sounds like harp-strings in our ears; her smile dwells like the sunshine over eventide; her movements still charm the eye like a fairy's floating through the shadowy world. She could hold thousands with one word, one tone, one glance, one fleecion of those sweet hands of hers that could fondle, soothe, solace, and yet command.

She played all the parts of the dramatic clavier—from tragic queens to Rosalind in hose and doublet—but in whatever she did the woman reigned supreme. She embraced the million in her love of living; thus she became the sweetheart of us all, for in all of us



SCORING HER USUAL PERSONAL TRIUMPH: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS DULTITIA SLOANE, SINGING A FRENCH SONG IN "PASSING BROMPTON ROAD," AT THE CRITERION.

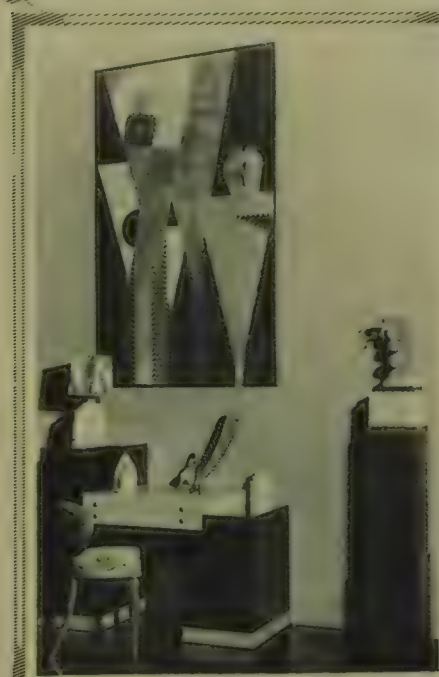
"EXOTIC SETTINGS": VERY MODERN DÉCOR FOR A NEW FILM.



IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE FLAMBOYANT FURNITURE AND FITTINGS SEEN IN SO MANY FILMS: DIANA'S DRESSING-ROOM IN "OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS."



SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR A FILM BY THE ART DIRECTOR OF THE PRODUCING COMPANY: THE HEROINE'S BEDROOM IN "OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS"



"MODERN ART" FURNITURE AND AN ULTRA-MODERN PICTURE WHICH IS A MEDLEY OF BIRDS, CIRCLES, AND ANGLES.



A CORNER FEATURING CURVES, CORNERS, AND ANGLES.



A COMBINATION OF THE VERY NEW AND THE FAMOUS OLD, IN THE FORM OF REPRODUCTIONS OF HOLBEIN DRAWINGS.



WITH GUARDIAN STATUES, AND MODERN FRENCH PICTURES: A BEDROOM "SET" IN "OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS."



A STUDY IN CURVES AND ANGLES, WITH A PECULIARLY MODERN FIRE-PLACE AND OVERMANTEL: A HALL IN "OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS."

As a general rule, furniture and decoration in the super-films are apt to be on flamboyantly conventional lines. The "fan" is introduced to the rococo at its greatest luxuriance of scrolls, to much gilt and tapestry, to elaborate chandeliers, to Jacobean and Georgian "sets," to armour-guarded halls, and so forth. Now, at last, there is to be a film whose characters move in ultra-modern settings specially

designed by a great film firm's art director—to be precise, by Mr. Cedric Gibbons, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The picture in question has just been completed, but the date of release has not been announced. It tells the story of three up-to-date girls, and is called "Our Dancing Daughters." Its settings are officially described as "exotic."

THE EPIC OF NAPOLEON IN MEDALS.

By J. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE, C.B.E., Member of the Société Française de Numismatique.

IN the year 1818, when Napoleon was slowly but surely dying on the rock of St. Helena, a distinguished numismatist, Captain J. C. Laskey, "member of the Wernerian Society," wrote "A Description of the Series of Medals Struck at the National Medal Mint by Order of Napoleon Bonaparte, Commemorating the Most Remarkable Battles and Events during his Dynasty."

In the preface of this little work, the first of its kind in France or England (published by H. R. Young, 56, Paternoster Row; and a rare and precious publication for book-lovers), Captain Laskey proceeds thus: "In the few observations which the author has to make on the subject of the following work, he does not feel it necessary either to eulogise or vilify the character of Bonaparte: successful enterprise and disappointed interests have mutually contributed to furnish the world with everything which could be said or written of this extraordinary man, whose encouragement of the fine arts has given rise to a series of medals unequalled by any of modern times, and surpassed only by those standards of excellence the elegant and classical coinage of ancient Greece and Rome. Much, however, as they possess to instruct the artist, amuse and gratify the man of taste, and give emulation to rival genius, it is trifling compared with those mighty and appalling events, which for thirty years have astonished and convulsed the world, and of which they are at once a proud monument and a degrading record."

If one may be allowed to disagree with the last words, which, in the light of only too recent events, seem hardly fair when alluding to the mighty, but sportsmanlike, struggles of the giants who, on each side, lost and won in turn the wars of the Consulate and of the Empire, all the while fighting in a manly way, it must be owned that no introduction better than Captain Laskey's could have been written for the catalogue of the famous collection (now dispersed) of Napoleon coins and medals gathered, last century, with love, care, and infinite knowledge, by the fourth Prince of Essling, grandson of Maréchal Masséna, Duc de Rivoli and first Prince of Essling.

This dispersal of thousands of little discs of gold, silver, and bronze, which still retain the magic of the greatest wizard of modern times, caused a little surprise and some sorrowfulness that France should thus lose the best ensemble of Napoleonic souvenirs and relics in metallic shape ever collected.

The Essling Collection had been compared quite rightly with an imperishable film depicting the rise of Bonaparte as General, Consul, Emperor, and King. On these medals we can follow as in a mirror the meteoric course of one of the most extraordinary lives ever lived on this planet by a human being: battles, victories, conquests, love—yea, even certain appearances of love—all the triumphs that can fall as a prize to the greatest of strategic geniuses, successes in all the avenues which started from the centre of that unique star and spread like so many luminous rays in all directions, leading, as it seemed, to the infinite, only to vanish after a short spell into nothingness. But if the end of his mortal life was a tragedy without parallel, deserving pity, admiration, and respect even

from his worst foes; who will ever measure, and with what yet unwrought instruments, the spiritual powers which emanate with an ever-growing strength from that radio-active soul? Not a day has passed since he breathed his last without his name being pronounced, written, or printed somewhere in the world. He it was who modified not only the map of Europe for a while, but also, and that for ever, the mentality of all nations. He taught the world the real meaning of that too-often misunderstood word—liberty: not the liberty of the revolution leading to anarchy, but that freedom which cannot exist without public order and authority. He remodelled constitutions, laws, financial and commercial codes and organisations; he gave France that learned and high-minded university in which the notions of duty and self-sacrifice are still honoured and daily put into practice; he restored religion to its proper place by setting all

creeds on an equal footing and granting to all entire freedom of conscience and the same right of worship; he freed the Jews from servitude wherever his victorious armies entered; and wherever he was supreme master or protector, even for a short time, he encouraged learning and art by creating and endowing academies and institutions dedicated to science, art, and literature. Public works, roads, bridges, canals, all over Europe rendered communications easier between all countries. That great captain who for over fifteen years fought battle after battle was ever striving for a lasting peace which would have given him the opportunity of reorganising not only his country—that France he loved to the last more than anything or anybody on earth—but the West and the East, according to principles—if we believe what he wrote himself—which differed but little from those preached by the present League of Nations. Of course, there would have been the essential difference that, whereas the League has no "gendarmes" to enforce its verdict, Napoleon would have had all necessary means to apply with a firm hand the sanctions edicted by that Confederation of Emperors and Kings he would have formed so willingly in order to preserve peace, had Providence willed it, and over which he would have presided by right of genius.

All that and much more one read as in an open book while contemplating the Napoleon medals of the Prince of Essling.

It would require pages and pages to give but an idea of the treasures which were contained in the collection that has now been scattered. It boasted of a most interesting series of German, Austrian, Russian, and English personages, amongst whom were conspicuous Nelson, Sidney Smith, Wellesley, Wellington, Spencer, Codrington, Collingwood, Pitt. But how is one to take one's eyes off the great, colossal, all-absorbing central figure?

However, I shall not resist singling out a bust of Talma (wax), so beautiful in its serene majesty that one cannot help remembering what was so often

whispered *sous le manteau*, to the effect that the great tragedian, who enjoyed to the end the true friendship of Napoleon, sat more than once for artists trying to catch *de chic* the likeness of the Emperor, who would never grant sittings to his painters, etchers, engravers, and medallists.

Nevertheless, Napoleon always realised to the full the political and educative value of propaganda by means of beautiful coins and medals drawn by the best artists and struck at the Imperial Mint with the utmost care. He himself would have all designs and proofs submitted for his supervision and approval. Thus we know that his effigies were exactly what he wanted them to be for the world present and future. On the other hand, after noticing that in their characteristics "Bonaparte Général de la Convention"—a unique and striking portrait—the "Premier Consul," by Mercier or by Manfredini, and the "Emperor," by Andrieu, Jeuffroy, George, Galle, Tiolier, Depaulis, or Brenet, bear one and all a striking likeness, we must infer from that careful survey that Napoleon was not too hard a master to please, that he was but little vain, and left a pretty free hand to the draughtsmen who had to fix his features on metal for posterity.

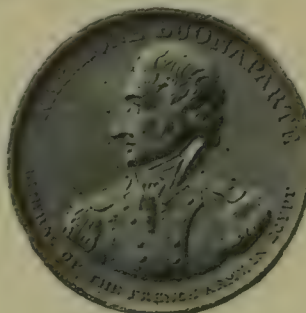
The Emperor used to give also precise instructions as to the number of medals to be struck on great occasions. For his coronation he ordered 87,450 medals (including 100 big size—about 1½-inch—and 12,900 small size in gold), at a cost of 203,363 francs; for his marriage with Marie-Louise, 85,000 medals (including 100 big size and 12,500 small size in gold), at a cost of 162,900 francs. Moreover, he always took good care that a sum of about 15,000 francs should be set down in the yearly estimates of the Imperial Household to provide with medals the Imperial cabinets both of himself and of his consort.



BONAPARTE AS FIRST CONSUL OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: A MEDAL DESIGNED BY LAROQUE.



COMMEMORATING THE MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE AT VIENNA: A MEDAL BEARING THE NAME OF THE ENGRAVER, MANFREDINI, BENEATH THE HEADS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.



AN EXTRAORDINARY ENGLISH CONCEPTION OF NAPOLEON—ON A MEDAL OF 1799; INSCRIBED "NAPOLONE BUONAPARTE, GENERAL OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN EGYPT."

The reverse has the inscription: "Landed at Alexandria July 2, 1798."



STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE OF MONTEHOTTE, 1796: A MEDAL WITH A HEAD OF BONAPARTE, BY GAYRARD AND JEFFROY.



THE GREAT FRENCH ACTOR WHO TAUGHT NAPOLEON TO "ACT THE PART": A WAX BUST OF TALMA (PIONEER OF "PERIOD" STAGE COSTUME)

Therefore, have we not the right, as it were, to claim Napoleon not only as a lover of numismatics and a friend of numismatologists, but also as a rather keen collector himself, worthy of our craft?

THE TRUE NAPOLEON: CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS ON MEDALLIONS.



NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE: A SILVER MEDAL (BY SCHMIDT) STRUCK ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR WEDDING IN APRIL 1810.



INSCRIBED "LIGURIA RICONSCENTE" (GRATEFUL LIGURIA): A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL BY VASSALLO; WITH THE HEAD OF NAPOLEON.



BONAPARTE IN HIS THIRD YEAR AS FIRST CONSUL: A SILVER MEDAL STRUCK BY THE CITY OF LYON—NAMING ALSO THE OTHER CONSULS.



WITH HEADS OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE ON THE OBVERSE: A TIN MEDAL BY PERLOT—STRUCK AT THE SECOND MARRIAGE.



NAPOLEON AS CONQUEROR OF EGYPT: A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL DESIGNED BY JOUANNIN AND BRETET.



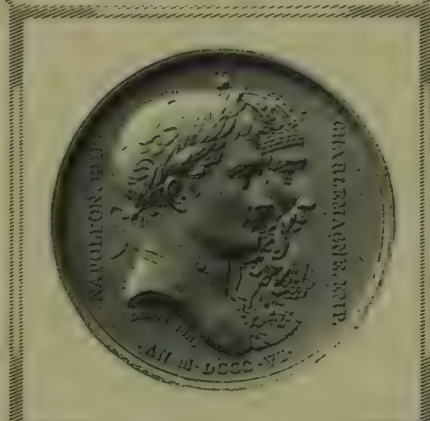
DATED 25 JANUARY, 1814: NAPOLEON THE YEAR BEFORE WATERLOO—OBVERSE OF NEXT MEDAL (RIGHT).



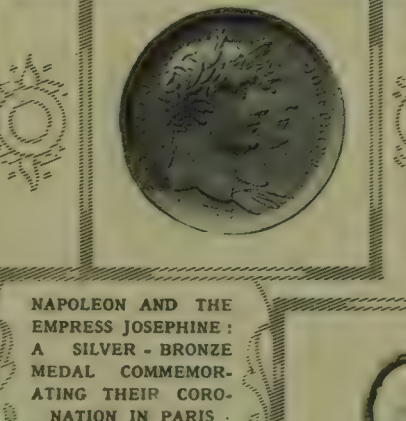
INSCRIBED "MARIE LOUISE, EMPRESS, QUEEN AND REGENT, JANUARY, 1814": REVERSE OF ADJOINING MEDAL (LEFT).



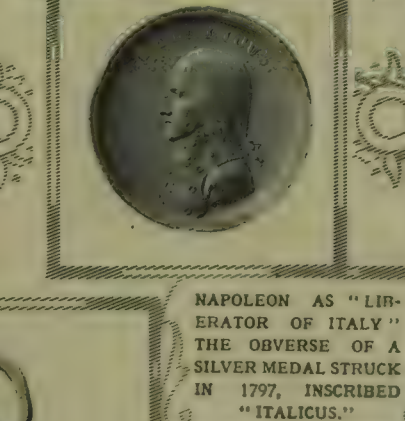
NAPOLEON CROWNED AS KING OF ITALY, AT MILAN: A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL (BY MANFREDINI).



NAPOLEON AND CHARLEMAGNE: A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL (BY ANDRIEU) STRUCK IN 1806 TO SYMBOLISE NAPOLEON'S ALLIANCE WITH SAXONY.



NAPOLEON AND THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE: A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL COMMEMORATING THEIR CORONATION IN PARIS.



NAPOLEON AS "LIBERATOR OF ITALY" THE OBVERSE OF A SILVER MEDAL STRUCK IN 1797, INSCRIBED "ITALICUS."



AN ENGLISH BRONZE-GILT MEDAL OF 1802, WITH THE WORDS "INSCRIBED TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BY D. ECCLESTON, LANCASTER."



NAPOLEON (TOP) AS FIRST CONSUL; CABCACÈRES (LEFT) SECOND CONSUL; AND LEBRUN (RIGHT), THIRD CONSUL: A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL BY JEFFROY; STRUCK AT THE TREATY OF AMIENS.



THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON: A RINGED SILVER MEDAL STRUCK IN 1821; WITH AN EAGLE AT THE TOP HOLDING THUNDERBOLTS; AND THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.



COMMEMORATING THE FOUNDATION OF THE CIS-ALPINE REPUBLIC (REPRESENTED BY A SYMBOLIC FIGURE ON THE REVERSE): A SILVER-BRONZE MEDAL BY MANFREDINI; WITH A HEAD OF NAPOLEON.

In view of the recent presentation in England of Abel Gance's film "Napoléon" (illustrated in our issues of October 22 and July 7 last), additional interest attaches to the medallions dealt with on this page and the page opposite, specimens from "a series of medals unequalled by any of modern times, and surpassed only by those standards of excellence, the elegant and classical coinage of Ancient Greece and Rome . . . ; thousands and thousands of little discs of gold, silver, and bronze, which still retain the magic of the greatest wizard of modern times." Some of the medals which Napoleon struck in such numbers are described in the article by M. Coudurier

de Chassigne. Elsewhere he says: "The Emperor attached great value to propaganda by pictures and medals. At a time when none could foresee our modern system of diffusing ideas and acts, he was interested in the striking of medals in gold, silver, bronze, and tin, which were distributed among all classes as memorials of a glorious battle, of a much-desired peace, of a national or family ceremony, or of local and provincial events. It was not only a question of historical records in bronze, but more especially of diffusing among present and future generations a defence and glorification of the political acts of his régime."

Excavating at Corinth: New Discoveries.

By THEODORE LESLIE SHEAR, Professor of Classical Archaeology in Princeton University.

SPECTACULAR results were achieved in the campaign of excavation in the theatre of Corinth that has just been concluded. This work, which is done under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, was begun in 1925, and during previous seasons the orchestra of the theatre was entirely cleared and the cavea and the parodoi were partly excavated. In the present season the stage has been completely uncovered and the east parodos has been followed to its exit.

The walls of the parodos are preserved to a good height on each side, and on the north, where the wall of the parodos is the north wall of the cavea, it has been strengthened by heavy buttresses of which the alternate ones only are bonded into the wall. The others were probably added after some earthquake, perhaps that of the time of Vespasian, had weakened the structure. Close to this wall was lying a life-size marble statue of the type of a Roman senator. The presence of a coin of the Emperor Constantius II. in a fold of his cloak indicates that the statue was placed here at the end of the fourth century A.D., presumably at the time when Alaric, the Goth, burned the city in 396 A.D.

Above the east end of the parodos some Byzantine houses were found not far below the present surface of the ground, and in one of the rooms was an interesting hoard of seventy-three coins. Three of these are Imperial Byzantine issues—Michael IV., Theodora, and Constantine X.; one is an anonymous Crusaders' coin; and the rest are Oriental coins that may have been brought to Corinth by some adventurer on the first Crusade. As far as is known to me, similar coins have not been found elsewhere in Greece.

At a distance of sixty metres from the centre of the orchestra of the theatre, the parodos opens into a paved street that runs in a north-to-south direction at right angles to the parodos. The street is paved with blocks of the hard local limestone, and in places a raised sidewalk is preserved. The width of the street opposite the entrance to the east parodos is 5.70 metres. Further south it narrows to 4.50 metres, but to the north opens out into a plaza with a width of from 14 to 17 metres as far as the excavation has been carried, with the pavement still continuing under the unexcavated bank of earth. The total length of paved street uncovered is 62 metres, but it continues much farther to the south; only there the paving blocks have been removed. Its course is broken by flights of steps

an amusing tale told by Plutarch in the life of Aratus. The widowed Queen of the city, Nicæa, had been flattered into an agreement to marry the young son of Antigonus Gonatas, and she was carried



A LIFE-SIZE MARBLE STATUE OF THE TYPE OF A ROMAN SENATOR, LYING IN THE EAST PARODOS: A SCULPTURE FOUND IN THE THEATRE OF CORINTH, WITH A COIN OF THE EMPEROR CONSTANTIUS II. IN A FOLD OF THE CLOAK.

In a fold of the cloak was a coin of the Emperor Constantius II., which shows that the statue was placed where it was found at the end of the fourth century A.D., presumably at the time when Alaric, the Goth, burned the city in 396 A.D.

down this street in a gaily decorated litter to a musical festival in the theatre, held in celebration of the marriage. But here she was left in the lurch lamenting,

from the second to the fourth centuries A.D. In the same area were also found many bone and ivory pins and numerous lamps. At the north end of the street, on the west side of the plaza, a marble statue of a young athlete was discovered lying just above the pavement. In the loss of its head, arms, and lower legs, it has suffered a fate similar to that of most statuary found at Corinth; but the body is admirably modelled, and the work is a good Roman copy of a Greek bronze of the fifth century B.C. of the school of Polyclitus. The pose is, in fact, almost identical with that of his Diadumenus.

Among other sculptures discovered were numerous fragments from a frieze with representations of the gigantomachy, many pieces of which had previously been found in the theatre, and an archaic head which, unfortunately, is in a battered condition. This is the head of a man with projecting beard, and is made of poros with a coating of stucco that is painted white and still preserves traces of red paint. From its size, material, and workmanship, it is possible that it belonged originally to a metope of the early temple of Apollo.

The Greek and Roman inscriptions were fragmentary, with the exception of one Greek dedication on a statue base, which has some human as well as scientific interest. A proud father, L. Beibios Oursoulos, dedicates a statue of his boy, L. Beibios Floros, a comic actor, who won first prize at games in Argos, Corinth, Sicyon, and Epidaurus. For epigraphical reasons the monument should probably be dated at the end of the first century A.D., and the reference to the various games at that time is particularly interesting.

Besides the work in the theatre, thirty-three unroofed graves were opened in a cemetery that lies about three-quarters of a mile north-west of the theatre and north of the cliff over which the earth from the theatre has been dumped. These graves yielded a rich harvest of nearly three hundred objects, including vases, bronze strigils, egg-shells, and lamps. There were three types of grave side by side and contemporaneous. The most common was a sarcophagus of poros lined with stucco and covered with a single poros slab. Another kind had walls of rubble-work, and was covered with three large slabs of terra-cotta laid flat; while the third type was similar to this except that the slabs were placed against each other in gable form instead of being laid flat. The graves are dated by the



THE RESULT OF A VERY INTERESTING CAMPAIGN OF EXCAVATION: THE THEATRE OF CORINTH—A VIEW OF THE ORCHESTRA FROM THE SOUTH-EAST (JUNE 1928).

placed at irregular intervals, so that it could not have been used for vehicular traffic. Besides pedestrians, however, it might have been traversed by beasts of burden, as the rise of the steps is small, and we know that the great of the city were carried over it in litters from

while the Macedonian captured the citadel and the city.

Pausanias came down this street in the second century A.D., and, after passing the Fountain of Glauke and the Odeion, which have been excavated, reached the theatre. He then proceeded to the Gymnasium, the Fountain of Lerna, and to the temples of Zeus and of Asklepios, which, he says, are not far from the theatre. By following the street to the north, one should come to these buildings mentioned by Pausanias, and that will be the aim of my next campaign at Corinth. But, besides its topographical importance, the street has rather a spectacular beauty of location, for from the north plaza the broad white way stretches south in a direction that points towards the dark mass of the citadel of Acrocorinth in the distance.

An extraordinary phenomenon was the presence of nearly five thousand bronze coins in a layer of burned material and sand, sixty to seventy-five centimetres above the pavement, for a stretch extending about ten metres south from the entrance to the parodos. The specimens so far cleaned and identified date

pottery and the lamps in the end of the sixth and the very beginning of the fifth century B.C.

The pottery, practically all complete vases, shows great variety and beauty of shape and decoration. An interesting series of cylixes indicates the probable development of



A GOOD ROMAN COPY OF A GREEK BRONZE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C., OF THE SCHOOL OF POLYCLITUS: A STATUE OF AN ATHLETE FOUND LYING AT THE NORTH END OF THE "THEATRE" STREET.

The pose is almost identical with that of the Diadumenus of Polyclitus, a sculptor who, next to Phidias, was the most admired sculptor of antiquity. He was a native of Argos, and a pupil of Agelades.



A GREEK DEDICATION ON A STATUE-BASE: A FATHER'S TRIBUTE TO HIS SON, A COMIC ACTOR, WHO WON FIRST PRIZE AT GAMES IN CORINTH AND ELSEWHERE.

This inscription has human as well as scientific interest. A proud father, L. Beibios Oursoulos, dedicates a statue of his boy, L. Beibios Floros, a comic actor, who won first prize at games in Argos, Corinth, Sicyon, and Epidaurus.

NO "GRAVEYARD GRIMNESS": THE HAPPY FUNERAL OF ELLEN TERRY.



1. MR. GORDON CRAIG, DAME ELLEN TERRY'S SON, AND MISS EDITH CRAIG, HER DAUGHTER, FOLLOWING THE COFFIN.

2. THE "NO FUNERAL GLOOM" . . . NO "GRAVEYARD GRIMNESS" NOTICE ON THE GATE OF DAME ELLEN TERRY'S HOUSE.

3. MR. FRED TERRY, DAME ELLEN TERRY'S BROTHER, AT THE FUNERAL.



4. THE PASSING OF ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF ELLEN TERRY: LEAVING HER HOME AT SMALL HYTHE FOR THE LITTLE CHURCH THE DUTCH SETTLERS FOUNDED FIVE CENTURIES AGO—THE COFFIN COVERED WITH A PALL MADE FROM A DRESS WORN BY THE ACTRESS IN ONE OF HER SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS.



5. SHOWING SOME OF THE FLOWERS SENT FOR REMEMBRANCE: THE "CRADLE" COFFIN OF DAME ELLEN TERRY BORNE FROM HER HOME AT SMALL HYTHE.

The funeral of Dame Ellen Terry took place on July 24 at Small Hythe, and at Golders Green. In accordance with the great actress's wishes, there was "no funeral gloom," no "black raiment, graveyard grimness." "Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness," she had quoted. The mourners wore their customary dress. At the door of the church was a "Guard of Honour" of farm-workers with hay-rakes and forks and scythes; and with it were sheep-dogs. The simple ash coffin, designed by Mr. Gordon Craig in semblance of an old-time cradle, was covered with a pall of gold made from a dress worn by Ellen Terry in one of her Shakespearean characters. The pall-bearers were Major Robson, the Mayor of



6. A TOUCHING VILLAGE TRIBUTE: A FARM-WORKERS' "GUARD OF HONOUR," WITH SHEEP-DOGS, AT THE CHURCH PORCH AT SMALL HYTHE.

Tenterden; Major Neve, Squire of Small Hythe; Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson; and the Rev. A. R. Rylett, Minister of the Unitarian Church at Small Hythe; and among the mourners were Miss Edith Craig and Mr. Gordon Craig, daughter and son; Mr. James Carew, Dame Ellen's husband; Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, and Mr. Fred Terry. After the simple service, the coffin was taken to London for the cremation in the afternoon. It was arranged that the urn containing the ashes should remain for the night in an improvised chapel in Miss Edith Craig's flat, whose windows look out upon the garden churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the scene of the public memorial service.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



ABOARD THE "ROFA," WHICH WAS ABANDONED DURING THE YACHT-RACE FROM NEW YORK TO SPAIN. The "Rofa," competing in the race from New York to Santander for the Queen of Spain's Cup, met very heavy weather and had to be abandoned. Her crew, including a woman, Mrs. Roos, wife of the owner—were saved by the "Tuscarora."



A CHURCH MADE OF STEEL, COLOURED GLASS, AND COPPER: A REMARKABLE EDIFICE SET UP IN COLOGNE WITHIN TWELVE WEEKS. Architecture is most certainly at a transitional stage. From time to time, we have illustrated the modern and the ultra-modern tendencies, especially on the Continent. Here is yet another example, the work of a Berlin architect, Professor Otto Bartning. It is constructed entirely of steel, coloured glass, and copper.



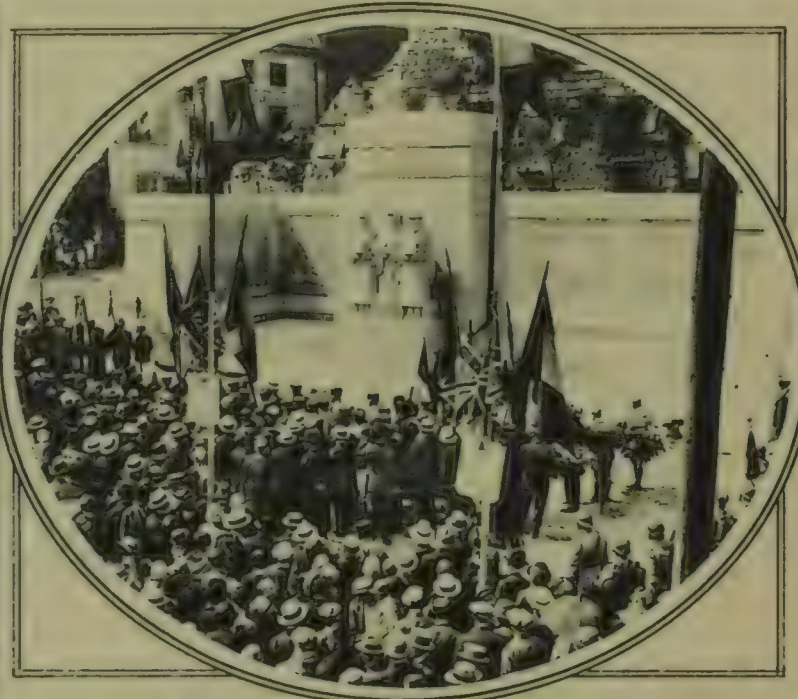
THE FIRST GERMAN HOSTEL FOR SPORTSWOMEN: IN THE KITCHEN OF "ANNA HEIM."

Germany is devoting herself as far as possible to the open-air life, and to health-bringing sports. All kinds of schemes have come to fruition—including the Anna Home for sportswomen of the Republic, in the Grunewald, Berlin.



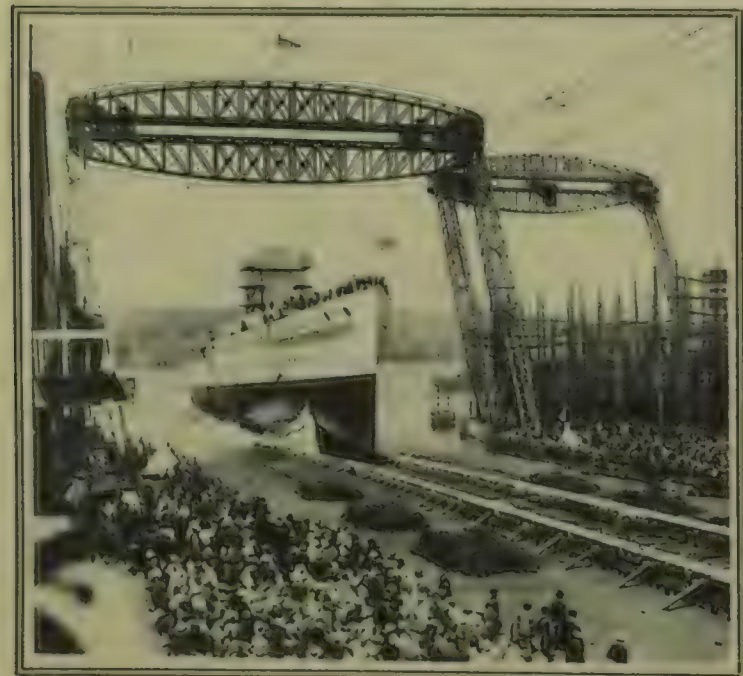
OPERA ON AN OPEN-AIR STAGE IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE: LEONCAVALLO'S "PAGLIACCI" CONDUCTED BY MASCAGNI.

The stage was set up on the south side of St. Mark's Square. A quarter of the Square was given up to the stage; a quarter to people standing; and the remainder was allotted to seat-holders. On the occasion illustrated Mascagni conducted Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and his own "Cavalleria Rusticana." A rehearsal is shown.



THE SOISSONS WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN HONOUR OF THE MISSING OF THAT SECTOR: THE CEREMONY ON JULY 22.

This memorial to the missing in the Soissons Sector of the Western Front has been set up by the Imperial War Graves Commission. It records the names of 3987 officers and men of nine British divisions who were killed in the Battles of the Aisne and Marne (May-July, 1918), and have no known graves.



H.M.S. "YORK" LAUNCHED BY THE DUCHESS OF YORK: THE NEW "B" CLASS CRUISER TAKING THE WATER.

The Duchess of York launched H.M.S. "York" at Palmer's Yard, on the Tyne, on July 17. The vessel is the 104th war-ship the firm have built for the Royal Navy during nearly three-quarters of a century, beginning with H.M.S. "Terror" during the Crimean War. These vessels have ranged from battle-ships to monitors, gunboats, T.B.D.s, and submarines.



THE HOME OF THE POET GRAY, AND OF THE PENNS, AS AN HOTEL: STOKES COURT, NOW A COUNTRY CLUB.

Stoke Court, once the home of Gray, of the "Elegy," and of the Penns, has been opened as a country club hotel. The Vicar of Stoke Poges recalled the local curiosity as to what would happen to this stately home of England when the Allhusen family had given it up, and thanked the management of the club for the careful preservation.

A SUN-BATHING "BEACH" AND A SWIMMING-POOL ON A MOTOR-SHIP.



PROVISION FOR SUN-BATHING AND SEA-BATHING IN THE OPEN-AIR ON BOARD SHIP: THE "BEACH" AND BATHING-POOL OF THE MOTOR-SHIP "AUGUSTUS."

For years past, every big liner has made provision for sport and exercise-loving passengers, catering for deck games and being equipped with gymnasiums and swimming-baths. The Navigazione Generale Italiana, the owners of the new motor-ship "Augustus," have gone one better in the case of this ship: one of its decks is entirely devoted to sport; and there travellers can box, fence, play badminton or lawn-tennis, and so on, under the guidance of experts. A special feature of this deck is the sunken bathing-pool; and the space about this can be used as the equivalent of a beach for sun-bathing. The little white bathing-cabins, behind the bath itself, will be noted. There is also a gymnasium in the ship. The "Augustus," it may be added, completed her machinery-trials at the end of May and then began voyages to South America. Next month she will join the North American liners of the company.



THE SWIMMING-POOL SUNK IN THE SPECIAL SPORTS-DECK OF THE "AUGUSTUS": A BATTLE ROYAL.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I DARE not talk about a "re-statement" of biography; but, avoiding that contentious word, I think it would be safe to affirm that there is a tendency nowadays, let us say, to "re-write" famous lives in terms of modern thought. Exponents of this new manner prefer lives which present a secret or a mystery, and among them—strangely enough—are some of the most celebrated. Thus, we have had recently Emil Ludwig's "Son of Man," noticed here a week or two ago. Shakespeare, again, is a biographical enigma, and I shall not be surprised if the psychologists get him before long, like the defunct pet monkey of whom a poet sings—

Shallow his grave, and the dogs got him out.

Another historic puzzle in personality has been boldly tackled in "THE SKULL OF SWIFT." An Extempore Exhumation. By Shane Leslie. Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). From such a title, one might rather expect a treatise in anatomy or phrenology, but in fact Mr. Leslie does not bother about the shape of the Dean's cranium. His subject is the intangible emanation of which it was the seat or receptacle. He treats the skull of Swift as Hamlet treated that of poor Yorick, evoking, as it were, the spirit that once inhabited it.

There was, however, a less fanciful reason for Mr. Leslie's choice of a title, for he begins by recalling that "in the year of Grace 1835 some graceless ghouls excavated a pair of skulls" in St. Patrick's Cathedral at Dublin—the skulls of Swift and "Stella"—and that the Dean's skull was delivered up to the phrenologists of that day for examination before both were "returned to sepulchral peace." The author of "Gulliver" had not, like Shakespeare, taken the precaution to curse disturbers of his bones, who were not deterred by the Latin inscription—*Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*—which might be rendered thus—

Where savage wrath can tear the heart no more.

What were the springs of this *sæva indignatio* in the composition of the first gloomy Dean (a sobriquet here traced to Thackeray)? That is one phase of the enigma, and Mr. Leslie, in his answer, says: "His was a thwarted, frenzied and disappointed mind, which might have disappeared into the void like a bitter fume, had it not been tempered with the rare gift of irony. . . . This Dean had brought the irony of the gods with him to earth and used it to the dread and diversion of his fellow-men. Before he died, the irony had entered his soul also."

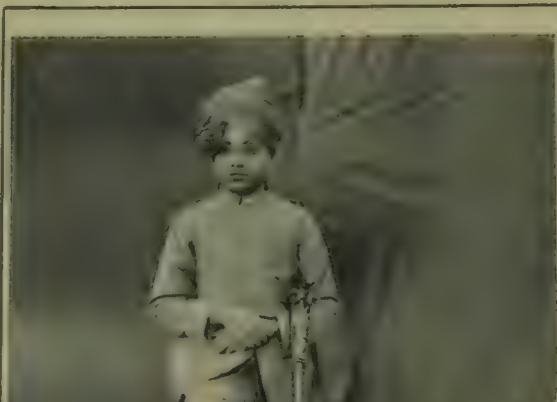
This last statement betrays a slight discrepancy in Mr. Leslie's argument, for his main proposition is that the Dean had no soul to be penetrated, whether by irony or iron. "It is possible (he writes) in the infinite vagaries and combinations of minds, bodies and souls that some human beings may be sufficiently exalted above good and evil to need or possess no soul. It explains much of Swift's inconsistencies and conundrums. It will be the only hypothesis we will venture to propose." And yet elsewhere he says, of "Gulliver's Travels," that "he had put his soul into its pages and his soul was Stella"; and, again, of an earlier love affair: "From the net of Varina his soul escaped like the bird from the fowler."

Varina was not the first or the last moth to desire the star. Before her time Swift in his youth had written of certain lighter loves: "I could remember twenty women in my life"; and after her, of course, came Stella and Vanessa, both, in divers ways, sacrificed on the altar of his ambition. Mr. Leslie analyses unsparingly the mean and selfish motives of the intellectual "giant" who "preferred to be celibate for the sake of his chances in this world." The practical secret in Swift's life—whether he ever went through the form of matrimony with Stella—is fully discussed, with the conflicting views of his various biographers, and the author's conclusion is: "If the marriage took place, it has remained the mystery that Swift would have intended. Of proof, proved or even probable, no vestige remains."

Of Swift's general career, his political and social adventures in quest of preferment, and of his literary genius, Mr. Leslie gives a brilliant survey. Particularly vivid are the pictures of his relations with Sir William Temple, of his bitter attacks on Walpole, and of his pioneer work for Irish independence. Mr. Leslie concludes that

"Gulliver must be read as his own Autobiography," and declares that "the Life of Dean Jonathan Swift will never be written." Perhaps not; but, failing that, he himself has given us one of the finest literary "dissections" of modern times.

The examination of another enigmatic soul is daringly conducted, with original, but sometimes questionable, conclusions, in "ALL ALONE." The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Brontë. By Romer Wilson. Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.). Emily Brontë's character suggests some points of comparison with Swift—in her sombre, brooding, stubborn, and secretive temperament; in her unhappy end; in the lack of evidence as to her inner life; and in the theory that she, too, has told her own story in her principal work; for of "Wuthering Heights" Miss Wilson asserts: "It is her autobiography." The wild character of Heathcliff is explained as her *alter ego*. "Consciousness," says Miss Wilson, basing her view in part, apparently, on spiritual experiences of her own, "came to Emily in the form of Heathcliff. . . . From the moment he came, she began to lead a double life, his life and the life of Catherine." Be that as it may, few will probably accept what the author herself calls a "horrible suggestion," that Emily's



THE FINE "BAG" OF A PRINCE OF THIRTEEN: THE HEIR-APPARENT OF PANNA WITH HIS FIRST TIGER, A BEAST MEASURING 10 FT. 4 IN.

Panna State is in Central India. The tiger was shot in its jungles on May 25.

poem "No coward soul is mine" "is Satan's Hymn to God, to himself as God."

Miss Wilson is on firmer ground in describing matters of fact, and in expressing a hope that her statements may "draw forth clear and correct evidence from secret hiding-places." She deduces from Emily's poems that a turning-point in her spiritual life occurred in connection with her visit to Bradford. "Perhaps time will disclose what happened at home, at Bradford, or in the 'dark prison house' on the moor. I can but re-assert that something very serious befell Emily, some event took place with grave results to herself, some time during the years 1837 and 1838. It is during this time that she began to write of betrayal and vengeance. Shortly afterwards begin the poems of guilt, of shame, of crime, and of tarnished name." Bradford folks must look into their private archives. The name "Lovelace" is suggested as a possible clue.

A serious charge is laid against Charlotte Brontë, not only of prying into and seeking to "manage" her sister's innermost heart, but of destroying papers after Emily's death and, as it were, "editing" her personality, so as to conceal from the world a view of life of which she herself disapproved. "In conclusion," writes Miss Wilson, "this life does not purport to be a Last Word on Emily Jane Brontë's history." It may not be the last word, but it is not the least important.

My "swan song" on this occasion refers to "the Swan of Avon." If the psychologists have not yet "got him out,"

the Baconians are still at him tooth and nail. Among their latest efforts in exhumation is "SHAKESPEARE'S HERALDIC EMBLEMS"; Their Origin and Meaning. By W. Lansdown Goldsworthy. Illustrated from old Plates and Wood-cuts (Witherby; 15s.). The Baconian theory is tremendously fascinating, and I am quite prepared to admit that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare" when the evidence seems to me sufficient. If so far I remain unconvinced, I have no wish to pour cheap ridicule on any sincere researches. Mr. Goldsworthy in his interesting book traces the significance, on title-pages and sculpture, of certain "allegorical representations" used by Francis Bacon "for enlightening future generations as to his claims to his numerous anonymous literary works." The author was led to his quest by studying Ben Jonson's play "Every Man Out of His Humour," wherein "a character obviously intended to portray Player Shakspeare was given a coat of arms upon which was satirically displayed the Player's perpetual Banquet upon Bacon's Boar's 'head, brain, and wit.'" Another chapter deals with the elimination of the boar's head from the Stratford monument when it was "restored" in 1746-9—one of "a series of forgeries, all intended to support the claims of Player Shakspeare."

The worst of allegory is that everything has to mean something else, and what that something may be is necessarily a matter of conjecture. Here is a typical line of reasoning in a chapter called "The Boar's Earth-Rootings." Ben Jonson is assumed to have got his heraldic details from Alciat's "Emblemata," "aided by a passage to be found in Rabelais." Ben is then assumed to have been puzzled by "Player Shakspeare" suddenly blossoming into a playwright of "marvellous poetic ability," and to have sought the solution in Rabelais, where he "doubtless found" the story of Orpheus torn to pieces by the Thracian Women. After that, "He had merely to substitute Queen Elizabeth and Mary Fitton—the cause of most of Francis Bacon's troubles—for the Thracian women, and the name of Bacon, the modern Orpheus, for that of the ancient legendary singer, and to associate the passage with the remarkable Devices in Alciat's Emblems, for the whole solution of the mystery of Shakespeare to unroll itself to his romantic imagination!"

This mode of argument does not impress me, nor can I rely on the minor accuracy of a writer who quotes verses by "Lawrence Hausman." As for the difficulty of believing "Player Shakspeare" capable of producing the plays and poems of Shakespeare, I should find it less easy to explain how the aristocratic sage of Verulam acquired, in his courtly youth, a familiarity with "low life" so "extensive and peculiar." For all the boar's head on his escutcheon, did Francis Bacon frequent haunts like the Boar's Head in Eastcheap?

The key to Shakespeare is, I think, that genius is its own explanation. There are other instances. How could a boy from a blacking-factory create "A Tale of Two Cities"? How could a stonemason's son write "The French Revolution"? Did not "rare Ben Jonson" himself begin life as a brick-layer, and the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as a tinker?

Three other noteworthy examples of modern biographical art applied to bygone celebrities must be reserved for future discussion. Two of them are closely related in subject—namely, "LEIGH HUNT'S 'EXAMINER'—EXAMINED." By Edmund Blunden. With Portrait (R. Cobden-Sanderson; 15s.), and "SHELLEY—LEIGH HUNT." How Friendship Made History. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson (Ingpen and Grant; 12s. 6d.). The third is a leading modern novelist's study of a Victorian precursor—"ANTHONY TROLLOPE." By Hugh Walpole (Macmillan; 5s.). Nothing could be more completely satisfying than this delightful volume in the new series of English Men of Letters. In the afore-named books it is not a question of elucidating mysteries, but of reviving forgotten claims. Mr. Walpole himself is represented, by a passage from "The Green Mirror," in an excellent little anthology—"PROSE OF TO-DAY" (Longmans; 3s. 6d.), along with many famous contemporaries in literature and other professions. The only "front rank" name I miss is that of Rudyard Kipling. C. E. B.

By the Greatest French Pastellist: The Finest de la Tour.



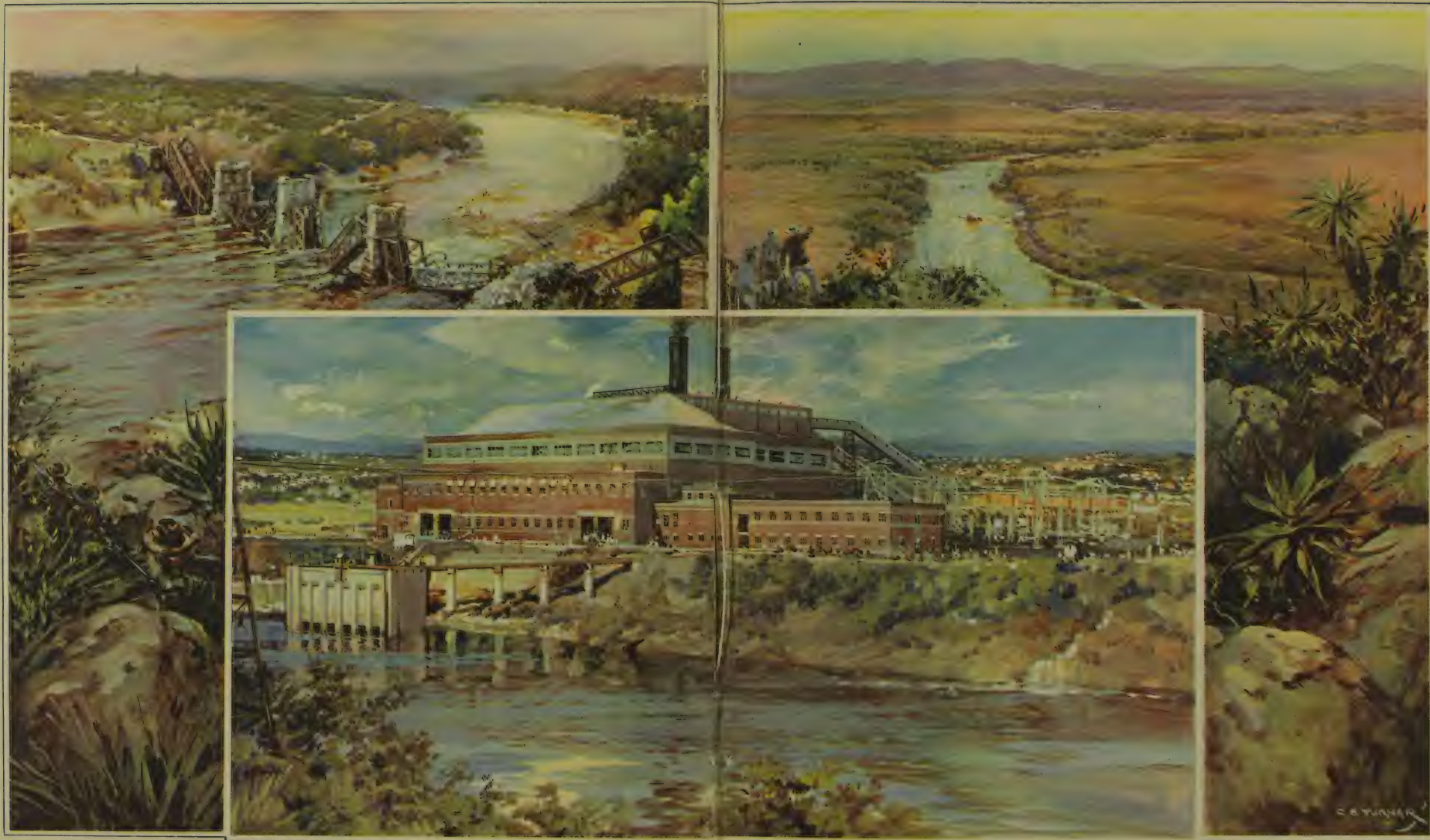
"THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR": THE MASTERPIECE OF MAURICE QUENTIN DE LA TOUR.

We reproduce here, as the finest example of the work of the most distinguished of French pastellists, Maurice Quentin de la Tour's world-famous portrait of Madame de Pompadour. It may be added, as a curious fact, that de la Tour, who was born at St. Quentin in 1704, visited London in the early stages of his artistic career, and, on returning to Paris, set up as an English portrait-painter! In 1737, he submitted to the Salon portraits *en pastel* of Mme. Boucher and of himself, and these immediately sealed his reputation. To quote the "Dictionary of Painters and

Engravers": "Diderot styled him a magician, and M. de Goncourt called his work a magic mirror in which is seen all the talent and all the glory, all the wit and all the grace, of the reign of Louis XV." Concerning this very picture, the same authority adds: "Some of his works were of large dimensions, but his masterpiece was the magnificent drawing of Madame de Pompadour which adorned the Salon of 1755, and is now the chief ornament of the collection of crayon drawings in the Louvre. He received for it the large sum of 24,000 francs."

A Battlefield of the Boer War a Centre of an Empire Enterprise.

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



FROM BATTLE-SCARRED SITE TO SUPPLIER OF ELECTRIC POWER FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS: THE COLENZO OF THEN AND NOW.

COLENZO, THE BATTLEFIELD OF 1899, WITH THE DEMOLISHED BRIDGE ACROSS THE TUGELA (LEFT); THE SAME SITE TWENTY YEARS LATER (RIGHT); AND COLENZO AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH ITS GREAT ELECTRIC-POWER STATION.

This very interesting set of pictures epitomises one of the remarkable romances of Empire and Dominion development. On the left is seen the battlefield of Colenso as it was at the end of the Boer War—the site, in fact, as it was, with the bridge over the Tugela demolished, after Buller's unsuccessful attempt to cross the river in December 1899. On the right is the same spot as it was twenty years later. In the centre is Colenso as it is to-day, with the large electric-power station which supplies the current for a section of the South African Railways. In 1921 the Union Government decided to electrify part of the Natal main line, which links the port of Durban and the Rand—an undertaking involving the electrification of 175 route-miles, and some 270 track-miles of line over the rugged

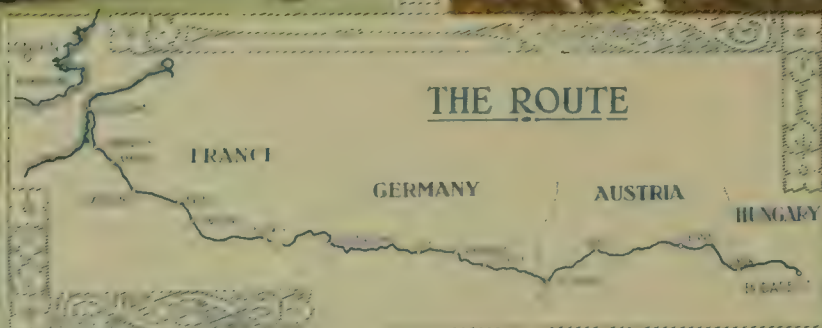
country between Glencoe Junction, in the heart of the Natal coalfields, and Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal. Under this electrification scheme, which came into full being in 1926, the capacity of the line was enormously increased; and at the present time it is dealing with close upon 30,000 tons of traffic per day. It may be said that the metamorphosis of Colenso battlefield not only typifies the amazing extension of enterprise in South Africa, but is a happy augury for the future of that Dominion, which is commanding the increasing interest and attention of visitors from Great Britain. In this connection, our readers may care to know that full information concerning South Africa may be obtained from the Publicity Director, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.



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FROM COVENTRY TO BUDAPEST WITH A TWO-LITRE 6-CYLINDER ROVER CAR

THESE photographs were taken during the course of a 1250-mile run, accomplished in five consecutive days, on one of the famous Two-litre Six-cylinder (15.7 h.p.) Rover cars. During the whole distance, one puncture was the sole cause of the tools being used! The views are: (1) On the spot where the Armistice was signed in Compiègne Forest, (2) The stranded tank near Rheims, (3) The Fisher Bastion, Budapest, (4) A curious roadside sign near Munich, (5) The Rover at the St. Stephen Monument, Budapest, and (6) A general view of Budapest, from the Buda side.



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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



MR. G. N. WARWICK.

Disappeared while flying in the King's Cup Air Race. Was found dead on Broad Law on July 23. A barrister. Aged thirty. A member of the London Aeroplane Club. Was flying his own machine, an Anec IV.



SIR JAMES FAIRFAX.

(Born, April 26, 1863; collapsed and died suddenly while golfing on the links of the Royal Sydney Golf Club on July 18.) A proprietor of the "Sydney Morning Herald" and "Sydney Mail."



DR. JAMES B. MURPHY.

Of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York. Holder of a new theory that cancer is caused not by a virus from outside the body, but by a ferment within it.



SIR THOMAS HORDER.

At the International Conference organised by the British Empire Cancer Campaign, spoke upon and summed up the results of the lead treatment advocated by Professor Blair Bell, of Liverpool.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. OSCAR SLATER, WHOSE CONVICTION HAS BEEN QUASHED BY THE SCOTTISH COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

On July 20, the conviction of Oscar Slater, who was sentenced to death for the murder of Miss Marion Gilchrist, was reprieved, and was released after serving 18½ years, was quashed by the Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal. He may be granted an annuity.



THE MURDERED PRESIDENT-ELECT OF MEXICO: GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON WITH HIS FAMILY.

General Obregon was assassinated at the close of a luncheon to celebrate his election to the Presidency, at a restaurant in San Angel, twelve miles south of Mexico City, on July 17. He was born on February 17, 1880, and was of mixed Basque and Yaqui stock.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE AND HIS WIFE: THEIR LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

It will be recalled that the ex-Crown Prince married Cecily Duchess of Mecklenburg, on June 6, 1905. He renounced his Imperial rights on December 1, 1918. His present residences are Oels, Silesia, and the castle of Cecilienhof, near Potsdam.



MR. J. ERIC THOMPSON; WITH SOME RELICS UNEARTHED FROM ANCIENT MAYAN CITIES.

Mr. Thompson, Assistant Curator of the Field Museum, Chicago, has just returned home after six months' exploration and excavation work as head of the Captain Marshall Field Expedition to British Honduras. He directed the work at three ancient Mayan cities some 140 miles from Belize.



MR. THORNTON WILDER IN SURREY; WITH HIS SISTERS, JANETTE (ON HORSEBACK) AND ISABELLE.

Mr. Thornton Wilder became a "best seller" by writing "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." He is a Professor of French at a New Jersey college. In September he is to make a walking tour in France and Germany with Tunney, the boxer.



THE WINGFIELD SCULLS: MR. T. D. A. COLLET, WHO RETAINED THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES (LEFT); AND MR. D. GUYE, HIS ONLY CHALLENGER.

The race for the Wingfield Sculls and Amateur Championship of the Thames took place over the customary course from the University Stone to the Ship at Mortlake. Collet won for the second year in succession.



MR. W. L. HOPE, WITH THE KING'S CUP, WHICH HE WON IN THE GREAT AIR RACE.

Mr. Hope, flying a "Moth," won the King's Cup Air Race completed at Brooklands on July 21, for the second year in succession. His speed averaged 105½ miles an hour. He also won the prize offered by Glasgow.



THE AUSTRALIAN TRANS-PACIFIC FLYERS: MR. C. T. P. ULM (RELIEF PILOT) AND CAPTAIN KINGSFORD-SMITH (PILOT) ON THEIR RECEPTION AT SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

It will be remembered that the "Southern Cross," piloted by Captain Kingsford-Smith, with Mr. Ulm as relief pilot, and Messrs. Warner and Lyons, crossed the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Australia, in three "hops."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



AN OCCASION ON WHICH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THE KING'S THIRD SON, WAS PRESENTED TO HIS FATHER: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE 10th ROYAL HUSARS. The King visited Hounslow Barracks on July 21 and inspected the 10th Royal Hussars, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief. After taking the royal salute, his Majesty walked along the lines with the commanding officer, Colonel V. J. Greenwood. Amongst the officers presented to his Majesty was Captain the Duke of Gloucester.



THE LAST LINK OF THE PAU-SARAGOSSA LINE, OPENED BY THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: THE FIRST TRAIN. The new railway between Pau and Saragossa, which was opened on July 16, is the first direct link between France and Spain which actually crosses over the mountain. The ceremony took place at Castrac, a new international station on the Spanish side. The Scompt tunnel is four miles, 1622 yards long, and the highest point of the line is within it.



THE PRINCE, AS MASTER OF THE MERCHANT NAVY AND FISHING FLEETS, PAYS HIS FIRST VISIT TO GRIMSBY: THE S.S. "MARPLE" PASSING THROUGH THE NEW BRIDGE. The chief items on the Prince's programme on July 19 were an inspection of the Fish Docks, and the opening of the new Corporation Bridge over the Alexandra Dock. His Royal Highness, having cut a steel and thus opened the bridge, went into its control cabin, seated the controller, and actually opened the bridge, enabling the S.S. "Marple" to pass through. He then closed the bridge.



THE PRINCE AT GRIMSBY: H.R.H. STEPPING ABOARD THE FISHERY CRUISER, "LIFLEY" WHERE HE SHOOK HANDS WITH THE OFFICERS AND INSPECTED THE RATINGS. At the end of the new pontoon on which catches are landed, the Prince went aboard the steam-trawler "Rolla Royce," which was on naval service during the war, and inspected the vessel. Alongside her was the fishery cruiser, H.M.S. "Lifley," and this the Prince boarded, in order that he might shake hands with the officers and inspect the ratings, who were drawn up in line.



THE TRANS-PACIFIC FLIGHT OF THE "SOUTHERN CROSS": THE LANDING AT EAGLE FARM, BRISBANE (WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF THE PILOT'S BIRTHPLACE). Captain Kingsford-Smith and Mr. Ulan, the relief pilot, both Australians, and Messrs. Warner and Lyons, Americans, flew altogether 7340 miles, including a deviation on the night of June 8; and travelled at an average speed of eighty-one miles an hour. Mr. Lyons was the navigator. The Eagle Farm aerodrome is within a hundred yards of Captain Kingsford-Smith's birthplace.



THE AMERICAN OLYMPIC TEAM AT SEA: SWIMMERS KEEPING FIT ON THE SPECIAL CHARTERED U.S. LINER "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT." The "President Roosevelt," with 268 members of the American team, arrived at Plymouth Sound on July 17. The ship is to be the home of the Americans while they are in Holland, so everything was done to keep them fit during their journey. For instance, there was this canvas swim ming-bath in which stationary swimming was done by the swimmers, who were attached to ropes.



KEEPING IN TRAINING EVEN WHILE AT SEA: CYCLISTS OF THE UNITED STATES OLYMPIC TEAM AT WORK ON BOARD THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT." /a we have noted, the arrangements for the American Olympic team in the "President Roosevelt" are as complete as they are complex. Some idea of the cost of such enterprise may be gained from the fact that it is reported that Britain's Olympic team of 230 will cost somewhere about £20,000 for their equipment, their transport to and from America, and their maintenance.



THE YOUNG ATHLETES OF BRITAIN: THE SALUTE TO THE DUKE OF YORK DURING THE MARSH-PAST AT THE INTER-COUNTY SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE. Something like a thousand boy and girl athletes, from twenty-three counties, took part in the fourth annual Inter-County Championship Meeting, organised by the Schools Athletic Association, at Stamford Bridge, on July 21. The Duke of York attended. There were several very interesting contests. One of the best performances was by little Miss M. Mine, of Baltham, who made a high jump of 4 ft. 9½ in.—a record for the meet.



THE TRAGIC FATE OF MR. G. M. WARWICK: THE WRECKED AEROPLANE AT THE TOP OF BROAD LAW; WITH DAVID BROWN, THE SHEPHERD, WHO FOUND IT. The machine (with the driver's body some distance away), was found by David Brown, while on his round attending to his sheep. Apparently, the engine became detached at the moment of the impact; for it had rolled down the hill for about fifty yards.



THE OPENING OF KEN WOOD HOUSE, WITH ITS MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF PICTURES, AND THE KEN WOOD ESTATE, TO THE PUBLIC: THE ADAM CEILING IN THE ENTRANCE HALL. Ken Wood House and the estate left to the public by the late Lord Iveagh, with a collection of pictures, were handed over to the L.C.C. on July 18. "The house," said Lord Iveagh, "is a gem of one of the greatest English architects, and my father's idea was that the pictures should be there where they would have suitable surroundings."



IVEAGH BEQUEST PICTURES IN KEN WOOD HOUSE, HAMPSHIRE, NOW OPEN TO ITS NEW OWNERS, THE PUBLIC: IN THE ORANGERY. It will be remembered that the late Earl of Iveagh bequeathed 63 masterpieces to the nation, together with Ken Wood House, Hampshire, as their permanent home, and with an endowment of £20,000. The Iveagh Bequest is the most magnificent gift since the Wallace Collection.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART AT OLYMPIA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO IS A COLLECTOR, PAYING A PRIVATE VISIT. The International Exhibition of Antiques and Works of Art, organised by the "Daily Telegraph," was formally opened at Olympia on July 19 by Princess Marie Louise. Some two hours before that, the Queen had paid a private visit, and, needless to say, she was particularly interested.

THE TOURNEY AT CARCASSONNE: THE BI-MILLENARY FESTIVITIES.



THE TOURNAMENT REPRODUCING THAT HELD IN CARCASSONNE WHEN HENRI DE BAYNES AND HENRI DE ROGIER FOUGHT FOR THE HAND OF ISABELLA GINORI: THE KNIGHTS IN COMBAT.



UNDER THE VERY WALLS KNOWN TO THOSE THEY ARE REPRESENTING: LADIES, KNIGHTS, MEN-AT-ARMS, AND GALLANTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE HISTORICAL TOURNAMENT AT THE CELEBRATIONS AT CARCASSONNE.



THE MAGNIFICENT WALLED CITY: CARCASSONNE AS SEEN FROM THE AIR; SHOWING THE DOUBLE LINE OF FORTIFICATIONS OF THIS "GREAT MEDÆVAL FORTIFIED CITY EXACTLY AS IT WAS."



A FIGURE IN THE FESTIVAL: MARGARET OF BURGUNDY, SISTER OF KING EDWARD IV.



THE OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF THE FESTIVAL: PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE RECEIVED BY SPAHIS ON HIS ARRIVAL AT CARCASSONNE FOR THE OPENING OF THE SECOND WEEK OF THE CELEBRATIONS, ON JULY 22.



JOUSTING AT THE TOURNAMENT (WITH "SOFTENED" LANCES): KNIGHTS IN COMBAT DURING THE TOURNEY REPRODUCING THAT HELD DURING THE VISIT OF ISABELLA GINORI, KINSWOMAN OF CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

The highest official recognition of the bi-millenary celebrations at Carcassonne was paid on July 22, the first day of the second week of the festivities, by M. Doumergue, the President of the Republic, who attended the historical tournament and display of horsemanship. This tournament, which was carried out by officers and non-commissioned officers from the cavalry training centres and the Narvos regiments, reproduced that tourney which took place at Carcassonne when Isabella Ginori was paying a visit to the city and there were jousts in which Henri de Baynes and Henri de Rogier fought for her hand. The representation

was extremely well done, and there was only one slight and unimportant *contretemps*. "It was only in the jousts," noted the "Times," "that the armoured horsemen had difficulties with their 'softened' lances, which were apt to break prematurely." De Baynes and de Rogier fought with lance, with sword, and with mace. In our air-view, there should be noted (in the foreground) the path from the modern town leading to the Porte de l'Aude (formerly the Porte de Toulouse), with the Château to the left. Towards the right-hand bottom corner is the Basilica of Saint-Nazaire.

FLIGHT ABOVE THE SCOTTISH HILLS: IN THE LONELY HEIGHTS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED G. BUCKHAM, F.R.P.S.



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD IN WHICH MR. G. N. WARWICK, THE LONDON BARRISTER-AIRMAN, CRASHED TO HIS DEATH DURING THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE: THE MOORFOOT HILLS, NEAR PEEBLES.

It was reported on July 23 that the body of Mr. G. N. Warwick, the barrister-airman who disappeared while piloting his "Anec IV." in the King's Cup Air Race, had been found by a young shepherd on the top of Broad Law, close to the border between Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire, some 2700 feet above sea-level; with the wrecked aeroplane piled up near by. Thus the only mystery the contest has ever known was solved in the most tragic fashion. That some mishap had occurred was evident when the pilot did not arrive at Renfrew from Newcastle on the night of July 20. Search

was made on land and from the air. Mr. Warwick, who was thirty, had been married for seven years, and had three children. He was a member of the London Aeroplane Club, and flew his own machine. The photograph here reproduced does not show the actual hills in which the unfortunate airman "crashed," but it gives a good idea of a typical waste in the neighbourhood. It shows the Moorfoot Hills, which are to the north-east of Peebles, at a time of snowfall. The altitude of these hills is 2136 feet, and the photograph was taken from a height of about 3500 feet.

THE CHANGE-OVER IN PEKING:

AN EVACUATION BY "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT."

By H. H. BRAYTON BARFF, an Eye-Witness.

Peking, 8th June, 1928.

PEKING has been crumbling, like a dilapidated building, a long time. To-day it fell—if so energetic a verb may be applied to so lifeless a proceeding. Nothing less dramatic has ever happened in the seven centuries during which Peking has been the capital of China. The whole thing has been the most perfunctory change of guards that could possibly be imagined. When the police, or the gendarmerie here, change guard at the street corners, or at the gates of official buildings or residences, all that happens is that a somewhat raggedly uniformed apology for a policeman or a gendarme saunters up to the man on point duty, holds out his unwilling hands to receive the rifle and bayonet from the tired person going off duty, and languidly takes the vacated place. Languor and listlessness are the chief elements in the transaction.

So it has been to-day, when the last troops of Marshal Chang Tso-lin,* who may be dead for anything definite that his men here either know or care, left the city, and the troops of General Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi and (for the time being, at any rate) ally of the Nationalist Government and of Feng Yu-hsiang, took their place as the responsible garrison of the Northern Capital.

A certain amount of lackadaisical ceremonial was gone through, of course; but nobody had any heart in it. Weeks ago it had been clear that, by force or otherwise, Peking must fall into the hands of somebody representing the Nationalists, and the only anxiety was as to who would be the selected or successful commander. Should it come to a fight to a finish, everybody prayed that the city might not be left to the tender mercies of Feng Yu-hsiang's hordes, who have ravaged the Province of Honan and committed outrage upon outrage, which, had they been committed against foreigners, would have been known to the world, and would have finally discredited the Christian General even in the last strongholds of blind confidence and wilful blindness. It was some relief to find that in all probability there would not be actual fighting for possession of the city; but, until it was known who really would take over the garrison command, anxiety still prevailed. From the moment it was definitely known, five days ago, that the city was to fall into the hands of Yen Hsi-shan, most minds were set at rest. He has real

and commercial interests. During this time, the few remaining troops, some three to four thousand in all, of the Mukden armies have been practically confined to barracks, and those not so confined have been disarmed. This morning, at reveille, they were given a good feed, re-armed, and prepared for a short day's march to the city of Tungchow, thirteen miles away. By nine o'clock they were leaving the West City, and, passing between the historic Forbidden City and the Coal Hill, on the

within three miles of the city to make their entry as soon as the enemy had gone; this by a "Gentleman's Agreement" also. At reveille the march to the city had begun, and by nine o'clock the South Gate was reached. Here the other half of the Committee of Safety was gathered, to receive the responsible officer of the occupying forces. The great gate was opened, on formal demand; the demanding officer and his staff were invited to tea, whilst the occupying army rested awhile outside. Tea, and an

invitation to occupy the city and undertake the responsibility for the maintenance of peace and order, were leisurely disposed of, and the O.C. was then escorted to Garrison Headquarters, where formal responsibility will probably be handed over by the Committee of Safety to-morrow. These preliminaries at the South Gate being settled, in accordance with the "Gentleman's Agreement," the Shansi army began its march in. Several days' rest outside the city had not restored anything like elasticity to its movements. There was no attempt to keep step. Men broke ranks as they felt inclined and visited the horse-troughs or the water-barrows entirely at their own discretion, catching up their place in the ranks by means of a lazy trot that was energy personified by comparison with the general gait. A shaggy, unkempt, indeed a ragamuffin, lot. Not a cake of soap, apparently, to a company. Mere boys, a very large percentage of them. Clearly they have no zest

for fighting, and must be grateful that their superiors have arranged things in such a gentlemanly way.

Half-a-dozen irregular troopers led the van, half-followed, half-accompanied by a scattered escort of the Nationalist flag. Then came not so much an army as an extemporised procession of shop-soiled samples. Infantry, not a small proportion being youngsters no bigger than the rifles they are carrying; pack-mules; mule-batteries; sappers and coolie corps; all interspersed with straggling nondescripts who may or may not be new recruits enlisted during the few days' halt outside the city, for they are clad in sloppy "civvies," carry no arms, and are only indicated by their arm-bands as belonging to the army at all. Lazily they all file up the meridional thoroughfare of the city, the blazing sun beating on their unprotected necks—dozens for sick-ward to-morrow probably—and casting short black shadows directly before, so that each man seems to be stepping off the shadow of the man behind. Slowly they make their way to the barracks so lately vacated by their enemy, a half-company breaking line here, a half-trump there, a company through this by-street, and a battery through that, until, by-and-by, the whole procession has melted away, and there is nothing to remind us that Peking is no longer the capital of China, except the hundreds—the thousands, indeed—of Nationalist flags that have sprung from nowhere since yesterday



THE TAKING-OVER OF PEKING: NATIONALISTS MARCHING THROUGH THE MAIN NORTH-SOUTH THOROUGHFARE—PRACTICALLY UNWATCHED, AS THE ENTRY AROUSED LITTLE INTEREST IN THE CITY.

summit of which the last of the native Ming Emperors hanged himself; and if the spirit of that unfortunate were playing Tom-a-Peep in the groves on the hillside, he must have chuckled to think that these men, beaten, despondent, war-weary, were just setting out on the long retreat to that very region whence emerged those who usurped his throne and blotted out his dynasty nearly three centuries ago. Through that kind of mediation and bargaining at which the Chinese are past-masters, it has come about that these men are permitted to retreat without fighting a last desperate battle, but it is evident to the eye that there is no spirit left in them. They have neither fought nor marched nor done other immediately fatiguing duty for a fortnight; but they neither keep step nor give other sign of ever having learned a soldier's job, until, for a few brief minutes, as they pass a group consisting of certain members of the Committee of Safety, who await them just within the East Gate, through which goes the road to Tungchow, they rise to the height of some spruceness in the form of a goose-step gait and a perfunctory salute.

A characteristic bit of ceremonial marked the departure. General Pao, the Mukden Commander, with a very small bodyguard of cavalry, was the last to leave the city. Incidentally it may be mentioned that it seems, in these recent evacuations by Mukden troops, to have been the rule that the O.C., whatever his rank, should actually be the last to leave, thus maintaining discipline and minimising the risk of looting. General Pao, with one or two subordinate officers, had waited, with part of the Committee of Safety, just inside the East Gate, and had taken the salute. The last dust-raising heel had kicked up the dust outside the gateway. General Pao and the one or two subordinates were invited to drink tea with the Committee of Safety. This courtesy was accepted with due

acknowledgment, and most ceremoniously did the company adjourn to a small room adjoining the guardhouse. Here, not too hurriedly, hosts and guests fingered their teacups, delayed to drink, chatted gravely about anything but the thing uppermost in their minds, and at last General Pao, apologising for keeping his hosts waiting, took up his cup, drank a few drops, replaced it on the table, and passed out to the arch of the great gate. Here, seats had been arranged in a semicircle; without bustle and with a clear understanding of what was to be done, with no need for words, each took his due and appointed place; the whole group looked its solemnest; and the official photograph, without which nothing seems to be perfect in this new China, was taken. The photographer's "Finished" gave the signal for the group to disperse, General Pao entering a waiting car, punctiliously bowing to his hosts as he backed into it and took his seat, and his hosts gravely bowing in return. The car shot through the tunnel-like arch of the gateway, the cavalry escort fell in behind, and the great gates themselves were clanged to almost before the echoes of the hoofs had ceased. A gentlemanly fulfilment of the "Gentleman's Agreement" by which the city had been evacuated.

At the other side of the city a reception was taking place. The Shansi armies had been waiting three days



ESCORTING THE NATIONALIST FLAG, SIGNIFYING "PROSPECTS OF FAIR WEATHER": THE VAN OF THE NATIONALIST ARMY IN PEKING.

The flag shows a white sun on a blue ground, or a clear sun in blue sky; signifying prospects of fair weather, or of peace and justice.

control of his troops; he has no outrages to his credit. The long-prevailing alarm subsided, foreigners unpacked the four days' supplies they had been ordered to prepare in case of an enforced refuge in the Legation Quarter, and Chinese who had already sought asylum there felt it safe to return to their own homes. All this alarm, be it noted, arose from fear of the incoming troops, not from fear of the outgoing. Marshal Chang Tso-lin's troops have a fairly clean record as evacuator. They have evacuated city after city, town after town, countryside after countryside, but practically no looting, no outrages, are reported; commandeering of carts and carter, and similar expedients of war, have been inevitable, but of deliberate or insensate outrage there has been practically none.

Watching the outgoing and the incoming forces to-day, one found it difficult to believe that either of them was capable of any act requiring energy or decision. For several days the city has been in charge of a Committee of Safety, consisting of leading citizens, former chiefs of police, ex-Cabinet Ministers, and representatives of banking

* Officially reported dead on June 27. He was bombed in his train at Mukden on June 4.



YOUNGSTERS IN THE NATIONALIST ARMY: UNARMED BOY SOLDIERS—VERY PROBABLY RECRUITED FROM VILLAGES EN ROUTE.

and, on the instructions of the police, been displayed over doors and windows. The city has changed hands, indeed, but probably nobody will think to record the fact in his diary to-night, for nothing seems to have happened.

THE LACKADAISICAL CHANGE-OVER IN PEKING: THE FINAL SCENE.



MUKDEN'S FAREWELL TO PEKING; AS A SEQUEL TO A "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT": THE ESCORT OF GENERAL PAO, WHO, FOLLOWING RECENT CUSTOM, WAS THE LAST TO LEAVE, PASSING OUT BY THE EAST GATE.



ON THE SLOW MARCH FROM PEKING, IN FULFILMENT OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT": EVACUATING NORTHERN TROOPS—A BUDDHIST PRIEST (TOWARDS THE RIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH) GIVING A PARTING BLESSING.



THE EVACUATING TROOPS GOOSE-STEPPING: NORTHERNERS MARCHING CEREMONIALLY ON APPROACHING THE EAST GATE, WITHIN WHICH MEMBERS OF THE PEKING COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY AWAITED THEM.

In the very interesting article given on the opposite page, Mr. H. H. Brayton Barff, describing the change-over in Peking (which, by the way, is now being called Peipin) says that nothing less dramatic than the fall of the city has ever happened in the seven centuries during which Peking has been the capital of China, remarking "The whole thing has been the most perfunctory change of guards that could possibly be imagined." For all that, there was a certain amount of what our authority describes as "lackadaisical ceremonial." General Pao, the Mukden commander, for instance, was invited to drink tea with members of the Peking

Committee of Public Safety, before leaving by the East Gate; and when he did go he bowed punctiliously to his hosts as he backed into his car, while his hosts bowed gravely in return. At the other side of the city, they were not speeding the parting General, but welcoming the coming. There, at the South Gate, the remaining half of the Committee of Safety had gathered to receive the responsible officer of the occupying forces. The "O.C." took tea, and an invitation was extended to him to occupy the city and to undertake the responsibility for the maintenance of peace and order.



THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

XXII.—CONTINENTAL PORCELAIN: A COMPLEX FIELD FOR THE COLLECTOR.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN, Author of "Bye-Paths in Collecting," "Chats on Old Silver," "Old Sheffield Plate," etc.

IN the eighteenth century the travelled Englishman, who journeyed more often than not with his tutor, brought back from the Grand Tour *bibelots* as souvenirs of his wanderings. He visited Germany and France, and, if space permitted, brought away some rather nice pieces of porcelain. In Italy and in Spain he became a collector without knowing it. It was at a later period that M. Pons, the creation of Balzac, commenced to talk of "bric-à-brac," and perhaps Balzac's description, in "Peau de Chagrin," of the interior of a Continental *vendeur's* shop, with its realistic details of object after object, a sort of literary catalogue, comes nearest to the collecting period of English Continental tourists. A set of interesting episodes in the nomadic life of a "Queen's Messenger" is set forth in certain reminiscences by Major Byng Hall, written some sixty years ago. It

is interesting to see what the collector's point of view was then, and remarkable to find his conscience troubling him. But he made some terrible plunges in francs and pesetas—blood-curdling to him, for Queen's Messengers, were never an over-paid body, but amusing to us with subsequent knowledge.

But even with all his experience, long before Americans and others set out to collect objects of art, he wrote: "I

town." Whereas great vases with inimitable artistry can only grace a palace, and whereas modernity decrees a shrinkage of palaces in this country, obviously such superlative examples of Sèvres and Meissen can only be housed in national museums or in wonderful galleries and the splendid houses in the New World. Possibly enough has been written about those two great factories. It may be left to lovers of superlativeness to wander to the Jones Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum and to the Wallace Collection to seek exquisiteness; and, of course, there is the wonderful Sèvres at Windsor Castle.

It is possible to cover another field. There is Höchst; there is Nymphenberg. Marseilles, with its faience, has its limited period of porcelain. There is Venice, with porcelain of the middle eighteenth century. The anchor of the Cozzi period may confound the collectors of Chelsea, both apparently soft paste. Whereas one may find Leeds earthenware in Stockholm, and Wedgwood not only in the north but as far as Venice, it is not easily possible to find Continental porcelain in the English provinces; that is, speaking of old porcelain. German examples have penetrated, but fine collectors' examples have not reached a point beyond the London auction sales, coming mainly from the estates of noblemen whose proclivities or official engagements have taken them abroad.

The study of the work of many European porcelain factories has been neglected by the English collector. The illustrations we offer indicate some niceties he may have forgotten. Perhaps when Böttcher found at Meissen the secret of hard paste porcelain, he laid a level rule to European art. Anybody could grab, at the pain of death, the secret, but it went forth all over Europe. We think of Murano and Venice, where the State seized the culprit's house and his family and his relatives' possessions, and followed him across the earth to kill him for betraying the secrets of the glass-worker. And there were many killed under this vendetta.

English collectors have made selections. Possibly they may be thinking of Chelsea and Bow. But there are certain Continental factories very precious here. The illustration of a Fulda figure of a Youth with a Dog exemplifies this. Of course, Fulda porcelain is hard paste. It was established at Hesse about 1763 by a Bishop. Sometimes the mark is a double F, but upon figures there is a cross, as in this example illustrated, recently exhibited at the Grafton Galleries. Capo de Monti and Buen Retiro are convertible terms. It was Charles III. who, in 1736, really produced soft paste. The King is supposed to have taken a practical hand, so says a writer in a letter to Lord Chatham, dated April 8, 1760. But when he took the crown of Spain he took a potter's staff with him to carry on at Madrid.

from Naples direct to Alicante," and from there they went on to Madrid. Accordingly, the illustration is of this period, representing the figure of a Woman with a Child who is in tears, obviously having upset a basket of kringlen. It is a sad presentment, but a glorious piece of modelling with sparkling glaze. Its brilliance is noteworthy. It has the *fleur-de-lis* as an impressed mark.

Of course, it would be impossible to speak of Continental porcelain without speaking of the Royal Copenhagen Factory established in 1779 by Queen Juliane Marie. In illustrating a modern piece of this wonderful factory, we realise the artist-potter has snatched at once the last peasant costumes of his country. The technique is modern, yet not wholly so, for it has the over-glaze colours of the old Copenhagen craftsmen. It is absurd to think that such fine



AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF MODERN ROYAL COPENHAGEN: "FISHERFOLK."

The colours of this carry on the traditions of the eighteenth century in Danish national figure subjects.

By Courtesy of the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, 2, Old Bond Street.

characters should pass away with encroaching modernity. It is beautiful to feel that Copenhagen has gloriously caught a passing moment. But its finesse in this example is hardly modern; it belongs to the eighteenth century.

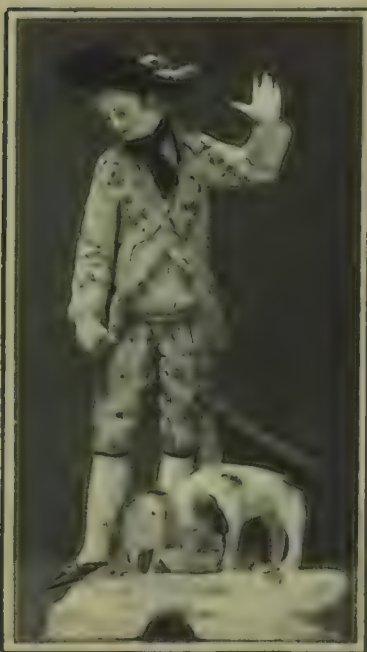
To collectors it may be said—learn the map of Europe long before the Great War; learn of princes who made factories their own. Perhaps you will believe or be taught to believe that, once the standard was made, little else mattered. We learn that in England it has been said that when Spode made his bone porcelain, everything afterwards was matter-of-fact. It is not always the critical examination of the stumbling-blocks which counts. There are many fields where mediocrity might withhold its adulation of the rare, and pause in wonder at delicate figures unerringly produced under the *grand feu*.

There is a great field in old Continental porcelain for the modern collector who understands the underlying history of his subject.

NOTICE TO AMERICAN READERS.

WITH reference to the warnings, published from time to time in these pages, concerning an individual who sought to obtain money from persons in the United States of America, on the ground that he represented *The Illustrated London News*, our readers will be interested to learn that, according to the *New York Times* dated July 11, two ex-convicts named Dean and Cobb (one of whom represented himself as "Sir William Howard") were sentenced to not less than a year each, by Judge Levine in General Sessions. The accused pleaded guilty to "petit larceny" in trying to swindle Mr. Philip Sawyer, an architect at 100, West 42nd Street, of 185 dollars while posing as biographical writers for newspapers in London and Paris.

We repeat that no one should be accepted as acting for *The Illustrated London News* who does not possess the fullest credentials signed by the Managing Director or by the Editor-in-Chief.



A FULDA FIGURE IN HARD PASTE: A YOUNG MAN WITH A DOG (1770).

Photograph by Courtesy of the Amor Galleries, 31, St. James's Street.

would say unhesitatingly that for all moderate specimens of ceramic art there is no place so cheap, be it where it may, as London, while in that city the highest price is obtainable for the finest specimens." This axiom holds good to-day.

Ceramics made a late appeal to English scholars on the Continent. In the eighteenth century Reynolds came to Italy to lie prostrate before Michael Angelo and Raphael; and Flaxman made his pilgrimage to snatch plastic art from Della Robbia or from old Rome. It was Lord Townley who commissioned a Mr. Jenkins to win him what he called his "dead family." We wonder nowadays what the Townley marbles, which obtained a grant of £20,000 from Parliament, would fetch to-day. They were bought at half the original cost at that time. The Townley Venus perpetuates his name.

Continental ceramics offer great problems. It is notably the splendid attempts and the failures that attract the connoisseur. It must not always be charged to him that he revelled in the failures because they were obviously rare, and when success came he rode off. We may advance that nowadays the connoisseur-collector sympathetically follows the failures and equally worships the successes. There is something scientific in modern collecting.

It may not be that a change of taste has suddenly occurred in regard to the masterpieces of Dresden or of Sèvres. But quite a new set of domestic decoration has, as Addison might say, "overtaken the



FROM MADRID: A BUEN RETIRO FIGURE OF A WOMAN WITH A CRYING CHILD (1760).

By Courtesy of the Amor Galleries, 31, St. James's Street.

Historical facts appeal to collectors. We are pleased to read that, in 1750, the King of Spain ordered that "the workmen and utensils used at the royal manufactory at Capo de Monti are to be embarked

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



MISS WINIFRED SPOONER, WHO WAS THIRD IN THE KING'S CUP AIR RACE.
Miss Spooner, of the London Aeroplane Club, was the only woman competing in the King's Cup Air Race. She led from Glasgow to Hamble, and eventually finished third. Her average speed was 83½ miles an hour. She flew a "Moth." She won the J. D. Siddle Trophy offered for competition among members of the various Flying Clubs.



PRINCESS MARY AT PLYMOUTH: H.R.H. ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE OF CUBS AND GIRL GUIDES AT THE R.N. BARRACKS, KEYHAM.
During her visit to Plymouth, on July 21, Princess Mary laid the foundation stone for the extensions of the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital; visited the Royal Albert Hospital; and attended a rally of over 6000 Girl Guides at the Royal Naval Barracks, Keyham. She then went to a rally of Devon branches of the British Red Cross Society. On the Monday she reopened the Handicraft Exhibition at Plymouth Guildhall.



PRINCE CHICHIBU'S FIANCEE IN JAPAN WITH HER FATHER: AN AT-HOME PHOTOGRAPH.
Miss Setsuko Matsudaira, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador at Washington, arrived in Tokio on June 22, with her father, for her wedding to the Japanese Heir-Apparent, Prince Chichibu. Her father is to be Ambassador in London.



MISS "LADDIE" SHARP, THE NURSEMAID SWIMMER; WITH HER TRAINER, MR. J. WOLFFE.

Miss Hilda Sharp, otherwise "Laddie" Sharp, is an eighteen-year-old London nursemaid. At the moment of writing, she is at Cap Grisnez, near Calais, ready to make an attempt to swim the Channel. She had arranged to begin her swim on the night of Sunday, July 22, but a change in the wind led her to alter her plans.



DR. JUSTINA WILSON.

The first woman Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. Physician-in-charge of the Department of Physiotherapy and of Light at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; and clinical assistant at the National Hospital for Diseases of the Heart.



LORD BURGHLEY AND HIS FIANCEE, LADY MARY MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT.

An engagement was announced the other day between Lord Burghley, the famous hurdler, who is now an officer in the Guards, and Lady Mary Montagu-Douglas-Scott, fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord Burghley is the heir of the 11th Marquess of Exeter, who is Hereditary Grand Almoner, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of Northampton.



MISS IMOGEN HOLST.

Daughter of the distinguished composer, Gustav Holst. Has won the scholarship for composition given by the Royal College of Music. Her father has written a number of important works, notably "The Planets," "Beni Mora," "The Perfect Fool," "Ode to Death," and "Hymns from the Rig Veda."



THE FORMAL HANDING-OVER OF THE KEN WOOD ESTATE TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL FOR THE PUBLIC: A GROUP AT THE CEREMONY.

The seventy-four acres of the Ken Wood estate, bequeathed to the public by the late Lord Iveagh, were handed over to the London County Council on July 18. Lord Iveagh presided, at the entrance to Ken Wood House. In the photograph (from left to right) are Mrs. Ernest Guinness, Lady Iveagh, M.P., Lord Iveagh, Mr. Ernest Guinness, Lady Evelyn Guinness, Miss Conagh Guinness, Miss Maureen Guinness, and Lord Haddo, Chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, who received the grounds.



MISS ROSALIND BENNETT.

The youngest English pianist to broadcast in England a Concerto with full orchestral accompaniment. Aged seventeen. Comes from Cheltenham; and made her debut at SGB on July 24. Played the Second Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra specially composed for her by Alexis Cunnings.

Fashions & Fancies



This blouse case and hat-box are made to match each other, and are carried out in the finest morocco leather. They come from Debenham and Freebody's Innovation salons at 70, Welbeck Street, W.

Collecting Holiday Equipment. There are two sorts of holidays—the quiet kind spent in the country or in some small spot by the sea, and the busy life of social gaieties merely transferred from London to the fashionable places. In the latter case, clothes are not so much of a problem, for you merely acquire as many and as varied a trousseau as you can, and change as often as possible. If you are restricting your luggage, however, and are not contemplating casino and cocktail amenities, your outfit needs choosing more carefully. A stockinette ensemble in light yellow or blue, and several jumpers, with and without sleeves, to wear with a

white pleated skirt, are the neatest and most practical holiday fashions nowadays. Experience has proved that in England, at any rate, it is never really too hot to wear thin knitted sports clothes, of which you need far less than the numberless cotton frocks which lose their freshness in a day. Also, if there is a sporting atmosphere about them, they answer many purposes and are appropriate for golf and motoring. Felt hats, as many as you like, in light clear colours are as summery nowadays as any straw, and they pack easily without crushing and do not spoil with the rain. A few tennis frocks and simple evening dresses of plain georgette are all that is necessary for a well-chosen holiday outfit, with the addition of a few gaily coloured scarves and buttonholes to change the colour scheme.

Travelling Impedimenta.

In the old days, preparations for a journey involved the unearthing of sundry old coats and wraps which had been discarded long since for everything but travelling. Consequently, the travelling dress was a very sorry affair, and fashion had certainly nothing to do with it. Now, however, fashion has turned her attention to this sphere, and has revolutionised it completely. Every dress show begins with travelling fashions, and they play as important a part in life as the evening toilette. Perfect tailoring is the first essential. Only the hands of an expert cutter should be entrusted with the delicate matter of these tweed or kasha coats, trimmed with leather or reversed with a lighter material. The suit with a cape attached is always smart on a tall woman, but for the shorter figure the long coat simply trimmed with leather is more graceful. A few seasons ago, large plaids and checks were fashionable for these steamer and train ensembles, but this year the smaller "tweedy" patterns, faced with tiny checks, are more in evidence. Steamer rugs must match the coats, and even if they are of a thicker, fleecier material, they are dyed to the same pattern as the outfit they accompany. Some of these rugs have embroidered monograms in one corner matching one which appears on the revers of the coat in place of the usual buttonhole.

Luggage which Matches.

Even one's luggage nowadays must obey fashion's law that to be smart everything should match. Debenham and Freebody, in their Innovation salons at 70, Welbeck Street, W., are making a speciality of dressing-cases and hat-boxes to match. The two sketched on this page, for instance, are carried out in the finest morocco leather, and are lined with the same material. The dressing-case is eighteen inches long, and costs 6½ guineas, while the hat-box is 97s. 6d. In these salons, too, is to be found the practical "Expandit" suit-case, which is adjustable to many sizes, varying from one to three days' luggage to a capacity for thirty days' packing. The sides open out flat, and each can be packed independently. The system is carried out in blouse and suit cases, made of fibre, cowhide, pigskin, and morocco leather, ranging from 30s. upwards. By the way, there are ideal handbags for travelling available in these salons, made with a flat tray base which can be used for jewellery or beauty necessities.

Liberty Frocks for Little People. The word "Liberty" is a talisman for children's holiday frocks. Not only are the colourings charming and

The sun-bath after the morning bathe is when the skin coarsens and roughens unless it is adequately protected. Beetham's La-rola is an excellent preparation for preventing this calamity to the complexion.



These happy little people are wearing holiday frocks made by Liberty's, Regent Street, W., in the well-known attractive colourings designed by this firm. They are in printed silk, printed cotton, and crêpe-de-Chine.

the materials strong enough to withstand very hard wear, but they are thoroughly practical and designed to give complete freedom of movement. The three pretty frocks above were sketched in this famous firm's Regent Street salons. At the top is a blue and white cotton frock (printed in unfadable colourings) available for £1 6s. 6d. complete with knickers to match. Next is a green crêpe-de-Chine with collar and cuffs of beige georgette costing 5 guineas; and last is a pink-and-white patterned silk frock with knickers to match. This costs £2 4s. Sun-bonnets to match every frock can be obtained if desired. Printed lawn frocks are available from 18s. 6d. upwards. Smocks in hand-printed Wandel silk can be obtained for £1 15s., size 21 in. long, or at the same price in Japanese silk, hand-embroidered. For small boys there are charming little suits in Tyrian silk, hand-embroidered, available for £2 15s., and in hand-embroidered crêpe-de-Chine for £2 10s.

The "After Bathing" Sunbath.

One of the most important holiday problems, and one which so often gets overlooked, is the care of the complexion during the pleasant laze in the sun after bathing. One does not need to be a beauty specialist to understand the simple fact that salt on the skin, which is then exposed to the sun and the wind, is bound to roughen and coarsen the complexion. It is such a simple matter to carry a small bottle of some soothing emollient which will combat the effects of the water and will fortify the skin against the exposure. An excellent preparation for this purpose is Beetham's Lait La-rola, which costs only 1s. 6d. a bottle, and is a soothing, milky emollient.



South Africa

The Empire's Sun Land.

“This Cape is a most stately thing, and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth,” wrote Sir Francis Drake, after rounding the Cape of Good Hope in the “Golden Hind” on his memorable voyage across the world in 1580.

Since Drake's day the ocean route to South Africa has become one of the greatest highways of the Empire. It is renowned, too, as the fair-weather passage of the seas and has rich historical associations linked with the wonderful voyages of the old wooden fleets.

To-day, swift liners, equipped with every luxury and comfort, make light of the voyage but they have not robbed this route of its romance. None of the white-winged argosies of old set sail for South Africa on enterprises more charged with joyous anticipation and possibilities than those awaiting the modern traveller on this happy voyage of discovery to the realm of sunshine and health and a land of splendid opportunities.

Particulars of travel to this Dominion can readily be obtained from the DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY, SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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TYPES OF CRIME—AND THE EXPERTS ON BOTH SIDES.

(Continued from Page 158.)

eager to join the combine, and, after much pleading on his part, the Americans gave way with apparent reluctance. The essential condition of the deal was that the money must be instantly available, although it might be days before the *coup* could be brought off.

An appointment was therefore made for the following day, when each of the Americans placed ten thousand pounds in banknotes into a leather bag. The victim did likewise, and the satchel was sealed and carried to the hotel manager's safe, from which it could only be withdrawn if all were present. The next day the Americans were called out of town. Several days passed, whilst the victim waited in vain for their return. At last he went to the police. The bag was taken from the safe and opened. Needless to say, instead of money it only contained bundles of newspapers. This trick is worked by means of duplicate bags.

Another excellent scheme is as follows: An old and venerable gentleman, envoy of a wealthy but eccentric philanthropist, is distributing large sums of money to deserving poor. But his health is failing, and he would like to find someone to take the burden of this sublime mission from his shoulders. Of course, this story arouses the greed of the man he has picked as a victim, and he eagerly volunteers to help. Several small sums are given him as a test. Then the venerable gentleman is suddenly obliged to leave, although thousands have still to be given away. He suggests that his newly-found assistant can do this for him; but some proof of bona-fides is needed. He must bring (according to his means, which have been carefully ascertained), so many hundred pounds, to show that he is above keeping the money for himself. It is arranged that he shall come with the money the next evening, when they will dine together and discuss final details. When he arrives, a bag, apparently crammed with money (generally bundles of paper slips with one Treasury note visible on top) is shown him, and placed on a chair by his side. During the dinner he is asked if he has brought the money. He has; then, just as he has given it to his host, the latter is called to the 'phone. He rises and, pointing to the bag, says laughingly: "I'll

leave this in your care. There are twenty thousand pounds there. I'll count your money in a moment." He then walks away, holding it carelessly in his hand. When, after waiting an hour or so for the return of the venerable old gentleman, the victim opens the bag to make sure the twenty thousand are still there, he realises to his horror that it contains only about ten pounds.

A new swindle, also based on greed and doubtful honesty, was practised a few months ago in Soho. Some visitor to London would see a man just in front of him pick up from the gutter something which glittered. With a laugh, the fellow turned and exclaimed: "I guess you saw it when I did, so we'd better go halves. Look, this is worth something!" It was a sapphire and diamond ring! Although quite against the law, in many instances this generous offer was at once accepted.

"Let's go to a jeweller and sell it," was the trickster's next proposal, and off they went. Hardly had they walked a dozen steps, however, when he clutched his victim's arm: "By Jove! that's lucky—there's So-and-so. He's a Hatton Garden diamond merchant. Hey, Charlie!"

Charlie was then made acquainted with the find, and shown the ring. After a careful examination in true professional manner, he would say carelessly: "Not bad. I'll give you fifty quid for it," and, on the words, pull out a bulging wallet and extract a £50 note.

"That won't do," was the confederate's comment. "This gentleman and I are splitting fifty-fifty. You must give us smaller notes."

Of course, Charlie had no change, and the finder of the ring would then hand the £50 note to the victim, and say: "Perhaps you've got twenty-five pounds for this? If so, that'll make us square." When, later, the partner in this dishonest transaction tried to change the £50 at his hotel, he was politely informed that it was a counterfeit.

So much for confidence tricks. They are legion. Unfortunately, scientific investigation can do little in these cases except to classify and study the different methods, and only a close watch on hotels and likely places, by detectives who know the fraternity by sight, is an efficient method of combating them. I can but choose here and there among those cases which have come under my notice. Even to

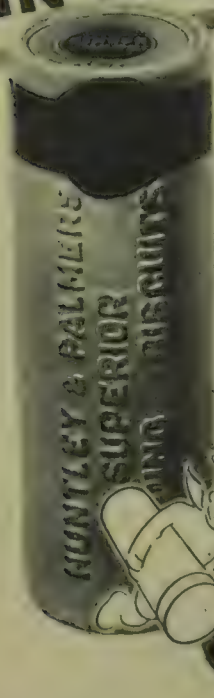
enumerate the more notorious methods of crooks would fill several volumes. Jewellers are, of course, constantly exposed to their wiles. But there is underlying every swindle one broad general principle which should put the intended victim on his guard at once. This is the "ground baiting" by which confidence is established. The criminal intention manifests itself in easy-going generosity, exaggerated expenditure, or abnormal friendliness. Lack of discernment in this respect nearly cost a famous firm of jewellers in the Rue de la Paix a diamond necklace valued at a million francs. A wealthy English officer had made the acquaintance of a polished and plausible nobleman who had travelled on the boat with him and, curiously enough, also occupied a suite in the same fashionable hotel where he usually resided. On several occasions this gentleman insisted on inviting the officer and his wife to sumptuous dinners and amusing entertainments. The Englishman had recently bought for his wife a beautiful necklace, which so fascinated their new friend that he requested the officer to come with him to the jewellers, for he intended to order one like it. After the many pleasant evenings they had spent together, he saw no reason to refuse such a slight service, and introduced his companion to the jeweller as "a friend who wants a necklace like my wife's." There was one in stock for thirty thousand francs, and the "friend" paid the price cash down, in large bills. The officer had been chosen by the crook as sponsor because he was well known to the jeweller. He had now served his turn, and was no longer needed. A week later the pseudo-nobleman returned, and exchanged the necklace for another even more expensive, again paying cash. In the course of a month he also bought several rings and a cigarette-case, thus gradually establishing the necessary confidence. Then one evening he called and selected a necklace priced at one million francs, which was to be sent to the hotel the next morning for his fiancée's approval.

The jeweller went there accompanied by an assistant. The necklace was quite to the supposed fiancée's taste, and was paid for there and then with a cheque. For a moment the merchant hesitated; then he remembered that his new client had been presented by the English officer; furthermore, necklaces at such a price were not sold every day. The cheque was accepted, and he withdrew well satisfied. It was

(Continued on page 194.)

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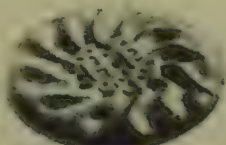
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AL-FRESCO MEALS:

By JESSIE I.

THE London Season is over. The tocsin sounded for it with the first plaintive cry in the streets of "Lavender, sweet lavender," and glorious Goodwood, perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the whole season—brings it to a close. This is the time for *al-fresco* meals of all descriptions, for to spend every minute out of doors is a natural desire when summer sunshine endows the whole country with beauty.

Happy are the people who know how to picnic. If preparations are too elaborate the occasion does not offer real rest and recreation. There should be abundance of simple, appetising food, for everyone is hungry out of doors; but it should not be too rich nor in too great profusion. Real genius in this matter runs along the line of impromptu picnicking, for if the gipsy spirit triumphs over conventionality, far more enjoyment will be obtained. Both the casserole and the chafing-dish—that arsenal of many charms—are useful when camping out. In the former a dish that has been prepared at home to be served cold may safely be packed without fear of deterioration; while the latter—placed in some

QUITE THE LATEST NOVELTY FOR SERVING AL-FRESCO MEALS IS THE COMBINED FITTED CASE AND TABLE COMPLETE WITH CHINA, GLASS, AND OTHER ACCESSORIES.

sheltered corner—may be used in place of a camp fire for the preparation of many hot dishes.

It is often possible to picnic near a farmhouse where fresh eggs are obtainable. These are excellent combined with tomatoes or mushrooms, or with both. Scramble some eggs in the saucepan of the chafing-dish, which is best for cooking anything liable to burn easily. To each egg allow a tablespoonful of milk and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Beat the eggs lightly, and season them with salt and pepper. Heat the milk and butter nearly to boiling point, and then stir in the beaten eggs. Have some tomatoes peeled and stewed in the chafing-dish with a little finely minced ham, and, if available, a few sliced mushrooms. Stir them lightly to the egg-mixture, and serve very hot. How good this tastes when Sussex or Surrey air has given us an appetite! An ingenious innovator will think out other mixtures for himself. He can always christen his invention scrambled eggs *à la quelque chose* to please himself or his friends. If macaroni enters into the mixture, then serve with it a bottle of good quality Chianti.

There is a way of dealing with eggs and bacon over a camp fire, or on one of the delightful fold-up stoves with which modern science supplies us, which for delicious quality beats anything of a like nature cooked within the four walls of a house. Fry as many slices of bacon as are needed, and when done put them on a hot plate, letting the hot fat remain in the pan. Break into it carefully as many fresh eggs as are needed, and over them shave some very thin slices of young green onions. Dust them with salt and pepper, and finish cooking, basting them well with the bacon fat. As soon as the eggs are done, place one on each side of the bacon, and in the centre of each put a little tomato ketchup.

The following tasty Oriental paste is an example of something good that can be prepared ahead and packed in the picnic case. Boil fifty prawns for about seven minutes, remove the heads, tails, and shells, and put the meat into a mortar; pound it to a smooth paste, adding a few drops—though not enough actually to moisten the meat—of white wine vinegar. Now work in the grated rinds of two lemons, half an ounce of green ginger, and a quarter of an ounce of chillies, all previously pounded together. Add a little salt blended with the juice of one of the lemons. Cut two small onions into rings, brown them lightly in a little butter, put in the fish paste, and shake the pan over a gentle heat until the mixture is dry and the onion quite soft. When quite cold, pack the paste in a jar with a screw top.

Delicious fresh fruit sandwiches as made in Devonshire will supply the sweet course. Spread thick cream on freshly made Hovis bread, and strew sugar and grated biscuit crumbs—ratatias are good for this—on top. Between two slices of this put a layer of lightly mashed and sweetened raspberries. If preferred, these may be made with little scones made with



THE LURE OF THE PICNIC.

WILLIAMS, M.C.A.

Hovis flour, instead of the bread, and fruit other than raspberries may be used.

Travelling meals cease to be a problem with the modern ingenuities provided for motorists. Illustrations of the most recent inventions for the comfort and efficiency of *al-fresco* meals, to be found at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, at 70, Welbeck Street, W., are given here. That shown at the back of the car takes the form of a separate drawer to slip into the motor trunk and carrying all we need in the way of utensils, china, etc.

Waterproof and dustproof—an important point where the carrying of car luncheon and tea are concerned—is this firm's combined case and table, quite the latest novelty. The exterior is black grained leather cloth, lined with white washable cloth. When opened, the contents of the case lift out, revealing a table with folding legs, which, the meal over, folds up again and is placed back in the case. So have thoughtful inventors provided for the comfort of *al-fresco* meals. Other accessories that add to it are portable stoves that fold up and take but little space in the car.

A word must be said about summer drinks. One of piquant character that can be prepared at home and packed for use is made by straining the juice of six large oranges. For each orange allow four lumps of sugar, and boil these with half a pint of water, simmering the syrup for five minutes without stirring. Put it on the ice to get cold. Then pour it on the orange juice and flavour the mixture to taste with essence of cloves and essence of peppermint. Put it into a thermos flask, and when needed for serving, put some of the fruit syrup into a tall glass, adding a sprig of fresh mint, and fill up with mineral water.

Chablis Cup, made in advance, is a delicious drink for these occasions. To make it, dissolve four or five lumps of sugar in a quarter of a pint of boiling water, and put this into a bowl with a very thin slice of lemon-peel; let it stand for half an hour, and then add a bottle of Chablis, a sprig of verberna, a glassful of sherry, and half a pint of water. Mix well, and keep it cool. Then strain it and bottle it, and add soda water when serving.

Funches of various kinds are good. Here is one example. Boil from four to six ounces of sugar and a gill of water together for five minutes. When cool again, add a quart of claret, a gill of orange juice, one gill of gin, a few mint leaves, some ripe raspberries, and some thin slices of cucumber. Add cold aerated water to taste. When serving, this is much improved by first of all rubbing the insides of the glasses with a cut lemon, and then sprinkling them with granulated sugar and very finely chopped mint-leaves.

Another one is prepared as follows: Put a table-spoonful of sifted sugar into a large tumbler, with a wineglassful of brandy, the same quantity of rum,



A LUNCHEON DRAWER WHICH FITS INTO THE MOTOR TRUNK AT THE BACK OF THE CAR IS A COMPACT WAY OF CARRYING OUR NEEDS.

two teaspoonfuls of arrack, the juice of a lemon, and a quarter of a wineglassful of green tea. Half fill the glass with ice, shake well, strain it, and fill up the glass with milk. Give it a dash of nutmeg and cinnamon. Pack in a Thermos flask.

Refreshing coffee served cold may also be packed in the same way. A quart of this beverage, bright and clear, should be made. Sweeten it to taste, add a wineglassful of brandy, and ice it well before packing. Add cream to taste.

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ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By PROTONIUS.

XVIII.—HEAT WAVES AND ELECTRICAL COMFORT.

IN spite of all the irony directed against our English summer, it occasionally does manage, as a recent spell reminded us, to achieve a degree of warmth which embarrasses even those accustomed to tropical heat. At such times we make a hurried and rather empirical study of the art of keeping cool. We discuss clothing, and diet, and iced drinks—and arrive at the heated conclusion that these things make very little difference. We also reach the conclusion that our defences against a heat wave are not well organised. Neither our houses nor our habits are adapted to a shade temperature of 85 degrees; and by the time we have fully digested the fact and considered whether any solution is possible down goes the temperature to more familiar levels.

The really practical problem, therefore, is to find a better temporary adjustment to our tropical spells. We must turn to account everything of an *ad hoc* kind which really ministers to coolness. In this quest a clue is furnished by the very *oppressiveness* of our English heat waves. Why should negroes, for example, find our 80 degrees less comfortable than the 100 degrees of the Equator? The answer lies chiefly in the high proportion of moisture which our hot air contains. "Dry heat" is less oppressive than "wet heat."

The explanation comes from a very simple physiological law. Bodily comfort depends upon the evaporation of moisture from the skin, and when, as in hot weather, we perspire freely, it is all the more necessary that this evaporation should go on briskly. Naturally, if the air is dry, the process is aided; and, if moist, retarded. Likewise, if a breeze is blowing, more moisture is carried away than if the air is still. The ancients were acquainted with this law. They used leaves as fans, not only to drive away flies, but to produce the artificial breeze which would sweep away the moisture which clogged the skin. We imported the fan from the East, and, like the Japanese, used it as an ornament and an instrument of flirtation as well as a means of coolness. In return, we gave the East the electric fan—the simplest, most adaptable, and most convenient "cooler" ever invented.

It seems strange that this beneficent appliance, exported in such large numbers to many parts of the world, should be so little used at home. The explanation lies partly in the slowness with which we have adopted electrical comforts, and partly in the fact that hot spells are so rare and so short. There is still another reason. People have a rooted notion that the only useful thing in hot weather is some means of actually lowering temperature. They think lovingly of cool drinks and huge blocks of ice, and they imagine that the claim of the electric fan to bring coolness is tinged with humbug because the fan has no effect upon the thermometer.

A single test will, however, prove conclusively that the stirring of the air by an electric fan makes even the hottest and sultriest day or night endurable with ease. It chases away the sense of oppression and brings both refreshment and comfort. This little appliance, in fact, does more for our health in hot weather than all the elaborate devices to which we desperately turn when a heat wave bursts upon us. There are two chief types of electric fan, both driven by a small electric motor capable of running weeks and months without attention. One is the "punkah" fan, which is suspended from the ceiling and operates two or more large oar-like blades. It is intended to agitate gently the air all over a room. The other is the small portable fan which has four rapidly revolving blades which produce a direct current of air.

The portable fan is made in various patterns, for use on desks, tables, or brackets. The intensity of the breeze is controlled by a switch which gives slow, medium, or full speed. Some types are made to oscillate automatically, so as to distribute their cooling breezes over a wide area. All of them take very little current, and may therefore be used freely, especially from "heating" circuits, without making much impression on the electricity bills.

With an electrical refrigerator in the kitchen and electric fans in sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, one is assured of both kinds of necessary coolness during the hottest weather. It is characteristic of the adaptability of electricity that it yields this boon as conveniently and economically as it does the boons of warmth and light. As a final note, it may be added that an electric fan in the sick-room is a wonderful source of comfort to patients in hot weather.

A DELIGHTFUL MONCKTON HOFFE PLAY.

FEW persons can tell a story better in the theatre than Mr. Monckton Hoffe. There will be sentiment in it, but that sentiment will not be mawkish or false. There will be humour in it, and a sense of character. There will be thought, but not thought that will tease even a tired brain. And there will be happy surprises in his way of telling his tale, which is pretty sure to suggest how much romance or tragedy or fun can be discovered in the unlikely types of humanity. His gift of dramatic narration is seen at its best in his latest work, "Many Waters," now filling the bill at the Ambassadors. You meet, first, a playwright and a manager arguing about what the public wants in the theatre, and the sort of lives that will interest an audience. To them come an architect and his middle-aged wife, seemingly quite ordinary people with a taste for frivolous fare. But are they ordinary? Mr. Hoffe sets himself to record their history in nine episodes, and leaves the spectator to answer his question. These Barcaldines married for love, and are still lovers. They met at Earl's Court Exhibition; they were married before a Registrar and two charwomen. They lifted themselves above poverty only to fall back again, and there was trouble about a cheque. Their daughter died in giving birth to a love-child; they went through the Bankruptcy Court, and at last prospered again. Through all their struggles their love for each other continued, and this, they realise, as they sit together in the Park, has made life worth while. They are not ordinary, then, after all, and we need not wait for playwright's or manager's decision on the point, agreeably as Mr. Milton Rosmer and Mr. Frank Harvey act the two parts. They are good, but how delightful are Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Miss Marda Vanne as husband and wife: theirs is the perfection of true realistic art. Others may please also. Miss Maisie Darrell as the pathetic daughter; Miss Edyth Goodall in the cheque scene; Mr. Hoffe himself as the quaint Registrar; but it is the Barcaldines and their interpreters who win our hearts.

The House of the Green Label—Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.—has just published Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's latest long complete novel. The title is "Money for Nothing"; and the price 7s. 6d.

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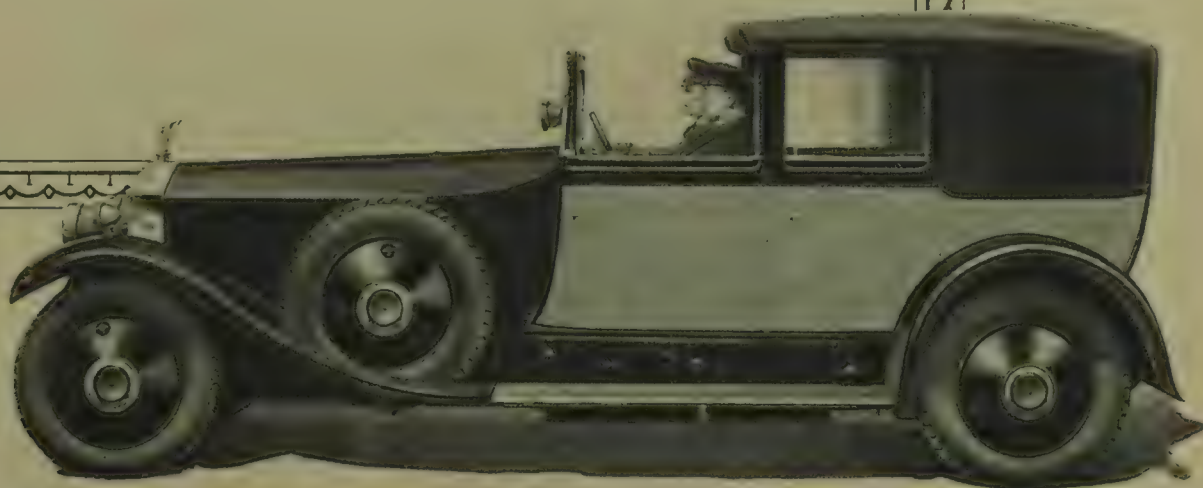
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

WHAT I WANT IN MY CAR.

IF you could have your new car made to order as you would a house, a writing-table, or a suit of clothes, what would you put down in your list of essentials? A number of us were discussing this burning question last week; and, considering that we were about half-a-dozen, I was surprised to see how far we all agreed about the things we really wanted on our cars. Some of us drove luxurious saloons, some exceedingly draughty two-seaters, and some good, stolid, well-protected, family touring cars, and the prices of our respective machines varied between about £250 and about £2000. I think, therefore, we were fairly representative of the majority of owner-drivers.

Back Windows to Open.

Here are some of the things we decided were absolutely essential in coachwork. The saloon owners

were unanimous that the most pressing need at this moment in every form of closed car is a back window which opens either on the principle of a wind-screen hinged at the bottom or like an ordinary window. It is true that when we came to this conclusion the thermometer was high up in the eighties, and the open road was not really so pleasant a place as it might have been between the hours of ten in the morning and eight in the evening; yet I have long thought that no closed car is really comfortable



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unless you can get a sweeping draught right through it.

In the United States, where summer is a real season with blazing sun, the majority of open touring cars have their hoods so arranged that the whole of the back can be rolled up, thus turning them into automobile sunshades. Some time ago I drove in an American car which had a weird combination of closed and open body. It had a coach-built roof which was a permanent fitting, and touring-car side curtains which rolled up and down like blinds. I remember being particularly struck at the time with the comfort and coolness of the open back.

Proper Visibility for Reversing.

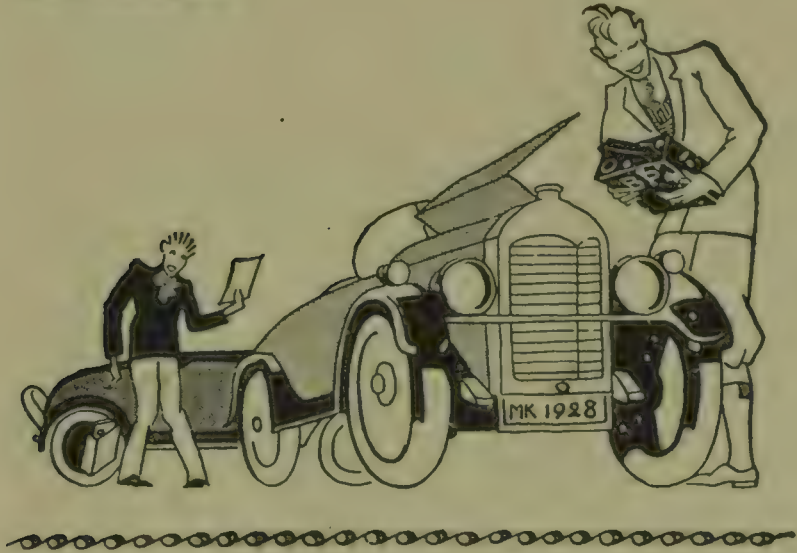
Another thing we decided was an essential was that in all two-door saloons, whether of the fabric type or not, all the windows should be made to open. You will often find that only the windows in the doors themselves are made to open and shut. In this connection I put forward a plea for very much better visibility for the driver in reversing. I have recently been driving the latest 1928 model of a particularly well-known make fitted with a fabric body, and I have no hesitation in saying that I have never been more uncomfortable than when I had to reverse this car into its coach-house. The back window was ridiculously narrow, and the amount of scenery blacked out between its near-side edge and the back edge of the first side window was positively dangerous.

The owners of the open cars voted unanimously for sliding seats. Most of the better-designed cars of to-day have these, but not all of them have them independent. It is much more convenient for the passenger and driver to be independent of each other in this matter, and, as I pointed out in an article some time ago, sliding seats which have a proper range of movement make the most cramped small car far easier to get into and out of.

Real Side-Screens—and "Forward Doors" Side screens which are a proper fit were also put down as an essential. A car I once owned had an excellent set. The frames were of metal, and so narrow that they made no blind spot worth mentioning. They fitted easily and quickly into place, and turn-screws were supplied to prevent them jumping out or rattling. The front pair had really intelligently designed hinged doors for signalling purposes, and also for ventilation. These were not a proprietary set, but were designed and

[Continued on page 191.]

"BP" Proverbs, No. 4.



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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4030.—By T. C. EVANS.
[5a2; B1p3p1; 2K1p3; 1K2kp1; 4P52; p1p3Q1; P155; 1B6—in two moves.]

Keymove: PKt6 (P16).

If 1. — KB6, 2. KtQ5; if 1. — KKt moves, 2. 4xP; if 1. QKt moves, 2. BQ4; if 1. — PxP, 2. QKt5; and if 1. — KxP, 2. QK3.

A remarkably pretty problem by the Chess Editor of the *Brixton Free Press*, with two self-pins and a self-block. The subtle key, giving the K a flight-square and leading to a pure pin-mate, deceived many who claimed a "cook" by one or other of the disclosed checks, and omitted to padlock e4. We hope shortly to publish a three-mover by Mr. Evans.

It is not often that a drawn game is as exciting as the one we give this week from the British championship at Tenby. It is full of hair-raising hazards in the best Edgar Wallace vein, and was splendidly played by both sides, with a draw as the fitting result.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Sir George Thomas.)	BLACK (Mr. V. Buerger.)	WHITE (Sir George Thomas.)	BLACK (Mr. V. Buerger.)
1. PK4	1. QJB4	27. BxP	27. BKt5
2. KtKB3	2. KtQB3	28. RQ3	28. RQ1
3. BK2	3. KtB3	29. BQ5	29. BB1
4. KtB3	4. PKK3	30. KRQ1	30. RQ3
5. PQ4	5. PxP	31. PK5	
6. Kt x P	6. IQ3		
7. Castles	7. Bkt2		
8. BK3	8. Castles		
9. KR1			

Preparing for a K-side attack by P14; but the boot is soon on the other leg.

9. P x P
10. Q x Kt
11. Q x Kt
12. Kt x Kt
13. QRQ1

Possibly the wrong Rook, in view of White's strength on the Queen's wing.

13. Q x Kt
14. Q x Kt
15. PQR3
16. BB3
17. PB4
18. KRK1
19. KtK2
20. BQ5ch
21. KtB1
22. KtQ3

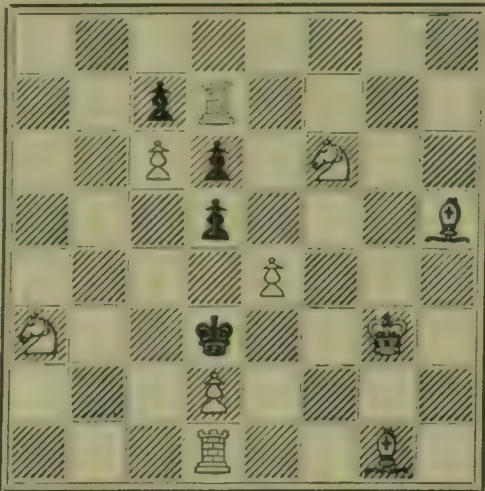
Black abandons the defence of the Q-side, and goes all out for attack. White does not at once play 23. BxP, QxK; 24. KtB5, because of 23. — PB5.

23. PB3
24. KtB5
25. P x P
26. QB2

[Notes based on Mr. Brian Harley's analysis in the *Observer*.]

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM No. IV, received from Charles Willing (Philadelphia) and K D W Boissevain (Geneva); of No. V, from A Edmeston (Llandudno), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn); and of No. VI, from E F Fleming (London), W H Winter (Alton), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), F B N (Vigo), Senex (Darwen), A Edmeston (Llandudno), and Rev. W Scott (Elgin). (All 100% correct.)

PROBLEM No. 4032.—By T. A. KRISHNAMACHARI.
BLACK (4 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 8; 2PR4; 2Pp1S2; 3p3B; 4P3; S2k2K1; 3P4; 3R2B1.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4024 received from R E Broughall Woods (Northern Rhodesia); of No. 4025 from R E Broughall Woods, and T A Krishnamachari (Madras); of No. 4026 from T A Krishnamachari and George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4027 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), G Parbury, Corporal Haughty (Dinapore), J S Almeida (Bombay), C K Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), F B N (Vigo), T C Marcos (Avila), E J Gibbs, C Stainer (London), L W Caferata (Newark), Fr. Fix (Wiesbaden), and Charles Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 4029 from A Ferreira (Porto), Charles Willing, R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), P Cooper (Clapham), and C K Thomas; of No. 4030 from A Ferreira (Porto), M E Jowett (Grange), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), H Burgess (St. Leonard's), A Edmeston (Llandudno), Fr. Fix (Wiesbaden), P Cooper, and F N (Vigo); and of No. 4031 from E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), L W Caferata (Newark), B H Young (Farnworth), Senex (Darwen), H Burgess (St. Leonard's), P J Wood (Wakefield), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), Fr. Fix (Wiesbaden), F N (Vigo), J T Bridge (Colchester), M Heath, W Organ (London), and H Richards (Brighton.)

In the game Engert versus Kuhn, published on June 16, there is no mate on the move, unless White obligingly goes to a Black square, as Mr. Charles Willing (of Philadelphia) points out. White's best is 38. KB2, and Black corrals him with 38 — QB8ch; 39. — QQ7ch; 40. — QK6 mate.

The British Chess Championship has been won for the fifth time by Mr. F. D. Yates, to whom our heartiest congratulations. For the second year in succession he has vindicated his title as the strongest practising British player, and this should put an end to the constant disparagement of his play in certain quarters. Mr. Yates, unlike many chess-players, is modest and unassuming; but he is a very worthy British champion, and thoroughly able to compete, with credit to himself and his country, in any tournament, however strong. Miss Price won back her title of British lady champion, as most people expected; and the foreign visitors proved, as we predicted, a little too strong for the natives in the "major open."

EXCAVATING AT CORINTH: NEW DISCOVERIES.

(Continued from Page 168.)

that shape from the characteristic Corinthian scyphus. A few examples have figured decorations. Two scyphi have on each side an owl decorated with a sacrificial scene in which a priestess advances with a great torch in her hand followed by a bull and its attendants. Another lecythus has a dance of satyrs and menads. Also clyxes have painted on their rims groups of Dionysus and a goat, and of satyrs and menads. Then some of the Corinthian scyphi are quite gorgeous with broad bands of garnet and orange colour, and a large Corinthian pyxis has a charming geometric decoration in several colours, among which a light red predominates. This large amount of Corinthian ware will furnish important information on the development of Corinthian ceramics in this intermediate period.

Situated on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, in that essentially Parisian district which lies between the Opéra and the Madeleine, is the recently completed Hôtel de Paris. It is designed to create a refined home atmosphere, combined with all the comfort and convenience that ingenuity in hotel design can achieve. Among the many attractive apartments which abound in the Hôtel de Paris, there is the Restaurant Viel, reconstructed on its own former site, but larger and much more cheerful. The spacious café is provided with a terrace going on to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and on the same floor is a banquet hall for 500 people. Each bedroom has a private bathroom, and is arranged with the maximum of comfort and seclusion. Rooms can be joined together to provide suites, and telephones are installed throughout. The interior decorations are all on a scale befitting the building, and are models of taste and beauty.



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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 164.)

cars," and "Regineris my only love" when he means that "Regina is"? And, believe me or believe me not, I actually heard a well-known artist say: "I heard nothing, as I was *laying* in bed"; so that he, regardless of sex, performed the duties of a hen! Trifles, you will say. But how they hurt and lacerate the tympanum, or irritate when young actresses, in the throes of refinement, turn their "a's" into "e's" and *vice versa*, or speak of "gerls" and "yu," which is Anglo-Chinese for "you." As for the unfortunate pronoun "my," its martyrdom is beyond description.

And yet these are but trifles, errors of seconds, dwindling in importance when confronted with the greater sins against diction. I have seen a play in which the first act was a social function. There were more than a dozen people on the stage. Of the twelve, ten cackled vociferously and at length; of what they said I caught nothing but a stray word. The general meaning was drowned in verbal chaos. Not until the hero and heroine, somewhat tardily, condescended to speak up could I pick up the thread of the story. A man behind me, forgetting his surroundings, exclaimed: "I'm d—d if I know what they are talking about!" Later on there was an intimate scene between lovers; there were whispers in a midsummer night. Fortunately they kissed, so we knew what they were driving at. On another occasion there was a palaver among men anent the character of one of their circle. It was an animated scene. We could guess its drift, for the dramatist had well led up to it, but what the public in the twelfth row of the stalls, where I sat, heard were exclamations, disjointed sounds, expletives. Not until the gallery yelled—thrice repeated—"Speak up" did the conversation take some form. But the most unpleasant sensation of all was the chorus-work in a musical play. The girls, I admit, looked *à croquer*; they danced like sylphs, but when they began to sing—and they sang a lot during the evening—there surged from their throats a volume of sound and a woolly avalanche of strange syllabic gurgles which might have been the primitive parance of a prehistoric race, but never, never suggested that this was a song in the King's English, and poetry—of a

kind—too! And I grieve to say that the chorus-girls were not the only sinners.

And so, all along the line, diction, the mother of histrionic art, was neglected, offended, pushed into a corner, or—as experienced at a recent *matinée*—padded out to an extent that we heard such volumes of bawled sounds as were the methods of transpontine drama in the last century. As a set-off I could quote performances (as, for instance, that of "Justice" at Wyndham's) which are feasts of diction, as well as oratory. But there is no exaggeration in saying that, for some unexplained reason, inaudibility and want of articulation, under the guise of realism—a terrible fallacy—are creeping into our stage work like a poisonous epidemic which should be stamped out, relentlessly and unceasingly, by public exposure.

Types of Crime—And the Experts on Both Sides.

(Continued from Page 184.)

Saturday, and past noon, and the bank was closed. Needless to add when, on Monday morning, the cheque was tendered at the bank it was found to be worthless. Fortunately, as the jeweller reached the street, dazed and horrified at his loss, a detective touched his arm and said: "Your necklace and the thief are at the Sûreté. Please come with me to identify them."

It turned out that the fellow had overrated his own cleverness. He forgot, when he followed the Englishman to Paris, that he in turn might be followed. Scotland Yard had immediately warned the French authorities, and his every action had been reported. Thus, when he stepped out of a cab at the Gare du Nord, leaving his luggage at the hotel in lieu of payment, two detectives had seized the astonished trickster, and conducted him to less roomy lodgings at the Dépôt.

The third annual exhibition of lawn-tennis matches in aid of the League of Mercy for the support of hospitals, will be held at Baydon Manor, Ramsbury, Wiltshire (by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woolland) on Wednesday, Aug. 1, from 2.30 to 7 p.m. Many internationals and famous Wimbledon players are taking part. Reserved tickets, price 5s. each, may be obtained from Mrs. Woolland, 69, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.7.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued from Page 190.)

made by the coach-builders attached to the works of this particular make, and I have been vainly searching ever since for accessory-makers who supply something as good.

In both open and closed bodywork, finally, we decided that, while the back doors should be hinged at their forward end, the front ones should open forward, as all car doors did in the early days. This scheme really makes it far easier and more comfortable for people of all sizes to enter and leave their cars. We also insisted on having properly designed pneumatic upholstery to sit on, in combination with the ordinary stuffed back cushions. Unsplintering glass was also unanimously voted an essential for all forms of bodywork.

Fuel Supply. In the chassis most of us wrote down the need for larger vacuum

fuel supply tanks. For the fuel supply the best arrangement I have ever seen is a gravity tank holding about six gallons, mounted on the dash, which is fed by vacuum from a ten gallon tank mounted at the rear of the chassis. When you come to think of it, major petrol feed troubles are practically impossible with this system, and I cannot imagine why it is not more widely adopted. An accurate and thoroughly reliable petrol-gauge of some form or another is indispensable.

Efficient Heat Control.

Another point on which agreement was immediately reached was the need for a really efficient system of engine heat control. Our engines to-day are mostly cooled on the most haphazard lines. What is really wanted, we decided, is some device for raising and maintaining the temperature of the water in the radiator either by means of shutters or by a hand-operated water-pipe strangler on the lines of a thermostat, combined, of course, with an absolutely reliable dash-board thermometer which gives the temperature of the water at its point of outlet nearest to the engine. Until you have had experience of an engine whose temperature can be maintained at its most efficient point all day long, you can have no idea of how much petrol can be wasted by the slapdash methods we put up with to-day.

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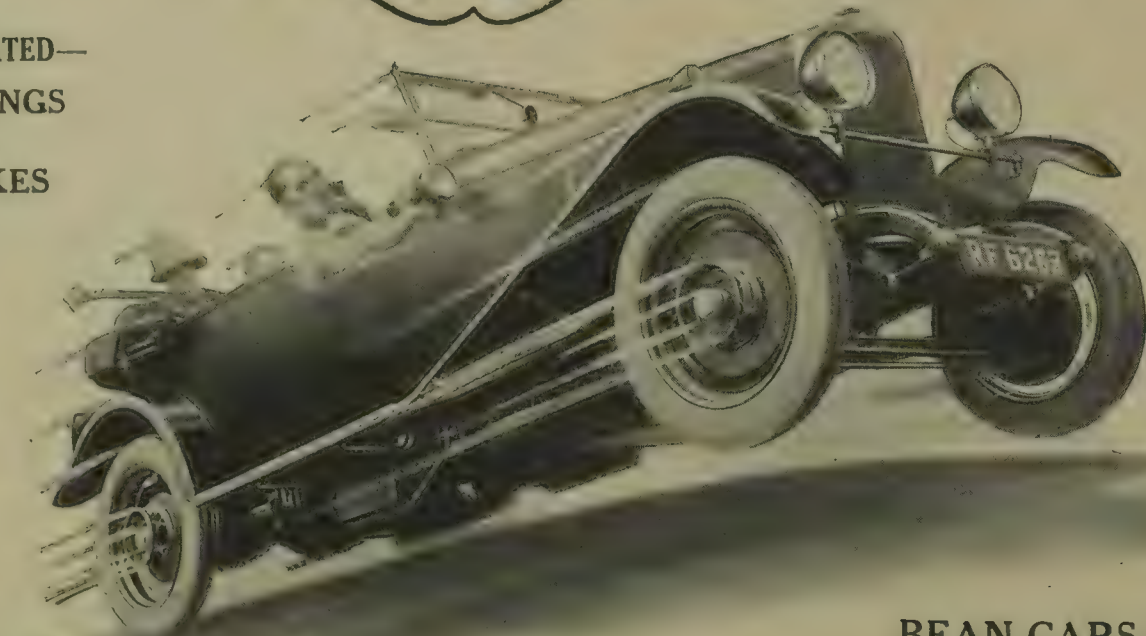
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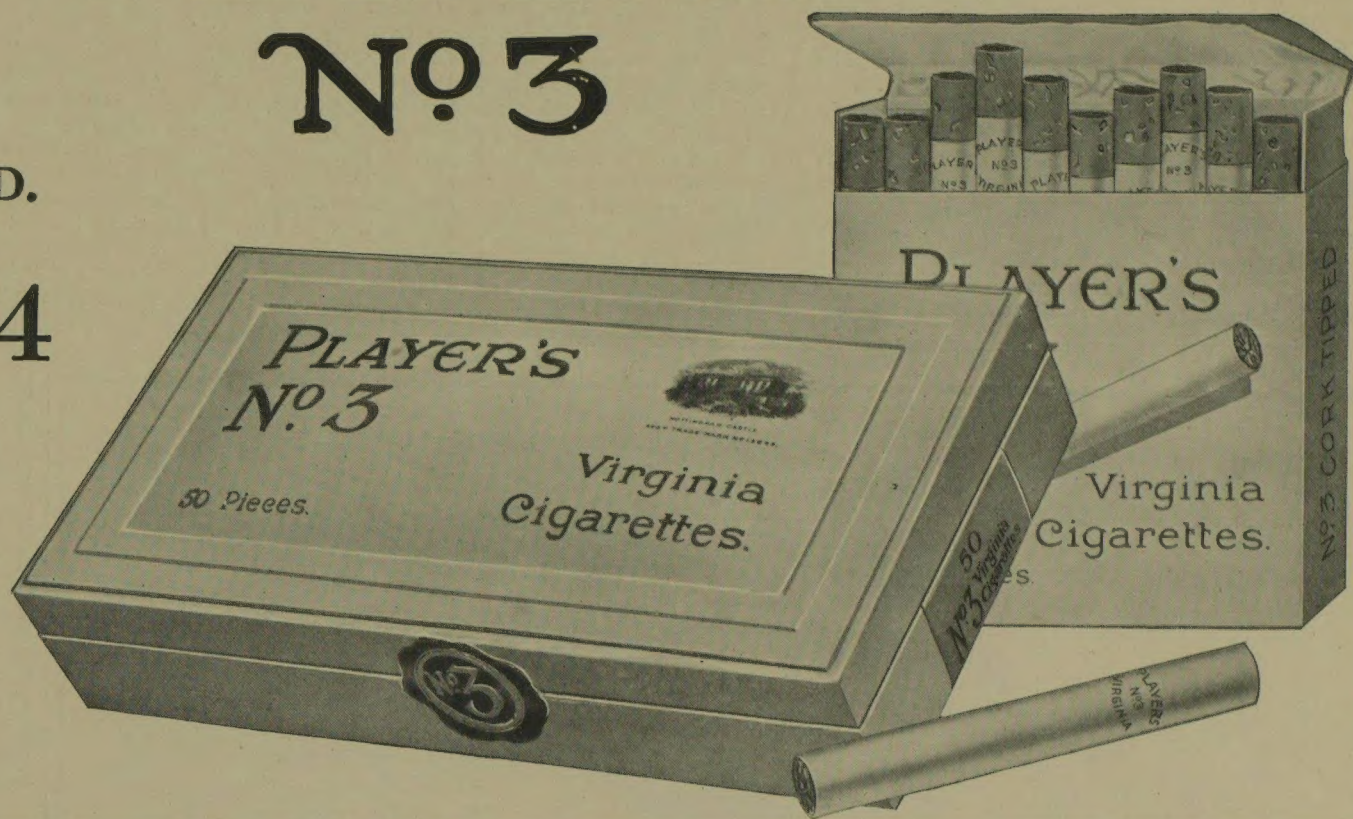
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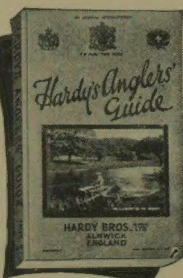
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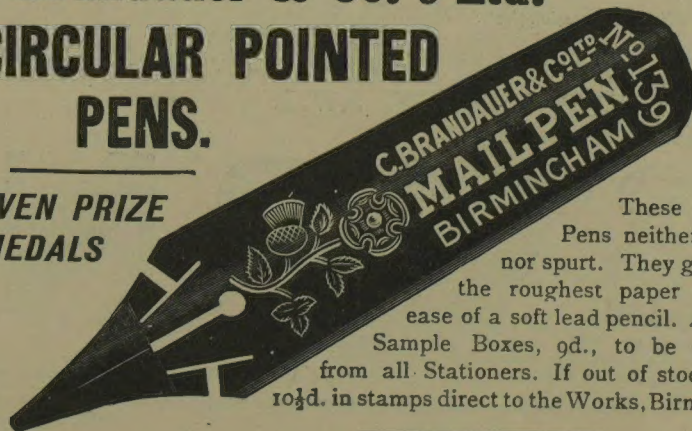
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GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

ALAS! it is far too seldom that one hears a really good comic song in these days. The revue, Americanised as it is, seems to provide no place for the singing comedian, and so the comic song has become almost defunct. Therefore it is with great joy that I play over time and time again the Edison Bell Winner record numbered 4820, comprising two comic songs—"Ting-a-ling-a-ling (Wanted on the 'Phone)" and "And So Do All My Pals," sung by Mr. Randolph Sutton. Mr. Sutton is an absolute comedian. He has a beautiful voice and perfect diction. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sutton on the stage, but, judging from this record, I am sure that he has presence and personality. These two songs are so thoroughly enjoyable that I advise everyone to buy this inexpensive record by a complete comedian. The actual recording is first-rate.

An orchestral version of Handel's "Largo" in recorded form is awaited by a large public, and when I learnt that His Master's Voice were to issue this piece in that form I was delighted. But when I heard the record I experienced sad disappointment. Handel's "Largo" is one of the great tunes of the world, and its flawless construction demands a straightforward interpretation. The performance, however, by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr.

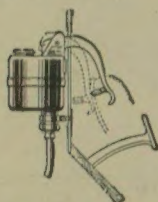
Frederick Stock (D1432), is most irritating by reason of the many tricks indulged in, which in several places break Handel's rhythm. The rendering is unjustified from every point of view. The record (with a fair performance of one of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances" on the reverse side) is priced at 6s. 6d.; may we ask His Master's Voice to give us another (and intelligent) record of Handel's "Largo"—in orchestral guise—published in the 4s. 6d. (Plum Label) series? In contrast to this Chicago Symphony Orchestra effort there stands out in isolated prominence the finest orchestral record made so far by any gramophone company. I refer to the orchestral version of Bach's Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, directed by Mr. Leopold Stokowski, and published by His Master's Voice (D1428). The Toccata (a kind of extemporisation) shows us Bach in his rough-hewn, big style; the Fugue is mostly in a delicious, care-free mood, which is interrupted towards the end, however, by a strident episode reminiscent of the principal subject of the Toccata, bringing about a rather awesome conclusion. Mr. Stokowski has orchestrated this Bach work for a large orchestra, and the scoring is interesting and legitimate. The performance by the marvellous Philadelphia Orchestra is superb; the recording is perfect. The record is cheap at 6s. 6d., and I hope that every gramophone user will buy a copy and keep it as a treasure. It should be a

"big seller," for it is, I think, the finest orchestral record issued as yet.

On behalf of the International Education Society, the Columbia Company have published a series of fifteen lecture-records chiefly dealing with science, art, and literature. The lectures in every case have been spoken by eminent men, most of whom have a world-wide reputation. The fifteen lectures occupy twenty-nine double-sided large records, which are priced at 4s. 6d. each. For this modest unit outlay you can hear Professor Turner talk about "Stars"; Mr. John Drinkwater deals with "The Speaking of Verse"; the late Sir Edmund Gosse is especially interesting in his discourse on Thomas Hardy (these two records were made just a short while before the death of Sir Edmund); Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson gives a Shakespearean Recital; Sir Charles Oman discourses on "What is History?"; Professor R. S. Conway introduces us to Virgil; the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher opens our mind to "The New Russia"—and so on. All the records are splendidly done from every aspect. No home, let alone a school, has any right to be without some of these talks by the greatest people of the age. Copies of a leaflet giving full particulars of these lecture-records may be obtained from almost any gramophone dealer, from the Columbia Company, Ltd. (the sole official publishers), Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, and from the International Education Society, 189, Regent St., London, W.1.—WALTER YEOMANS.

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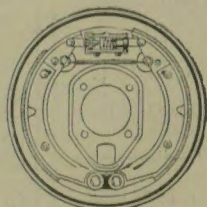


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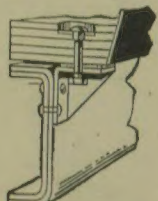
Take the braking system. Hydraulic internal expanding four-wheel brakes are definitely

proved to be by far the most efficient, but they must be self adjusting and they must be protected from wet. Otherwise, whenever your car is washed there is danger of your brakes slipping. Only the most expensive cars are so fitted. One very well-known maker, for instance, gives this protection only to his largest and dearest model. Yet every Auburn, even the model 76 roadster at £465, has this great advantage.



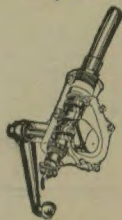
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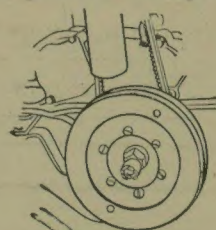
These are just four points of Auburn Supremacy which even the non-technical can appreciate. If you are interested in technicalities, let us send you details of Auburn's wonderful Lycoming motor with its dual carburation and manifolding, its Lanchester balancer, Bohnalite aluminium Invar Steel Strut Pistons, its new type carburettor, now just being fitted by one other car—the famous racing Bugatti, and the many other points which give power, silence, long life and speed.



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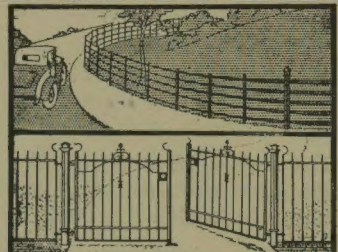
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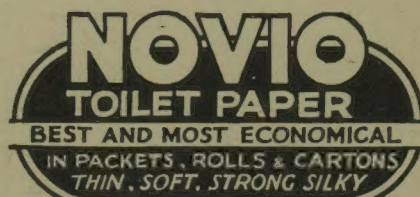


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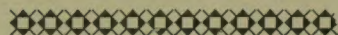
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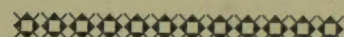
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